

MAY 1, 1943

# AMERICA

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## **EASTER THE HOPE OF A HEART-SICK WORLD**

**William A. Donaghy, S.J.**

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## **Mary's Day Masses for Soldiers**

**Auleen B. Eberhardt**

## **Sea Power in the Baltic**

**Alfred Bilmanis**

## **Looting Belgium's Art Galleries**

**Jeannette Hegeman**

## **Merchant Marine Chaplain**

**B. J. Finnegan**

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### **COMMENTS:**

**TWO  
PRESIDENTS**

**FRANCO  
AND BISHOPS**

**HOBBS  
BILL**

**SOLDIERS  
OF THE PRESS**

**POETIC  
JUSTICE**

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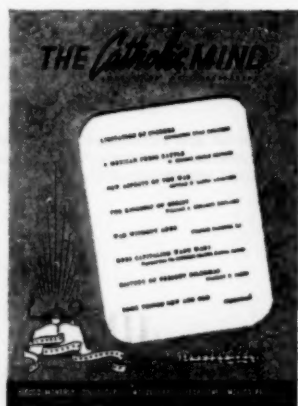
## **A CATHOLIC REVIEW OF THE WEEK**

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**NUMBER 4**

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# AMERICA

## A CATHOLIC REVIEW OF THE WEEK

MAY 1, 1943

### THIS WEEK

COMMENT ON THE WEEK	85
Underscorings	87
The Nation at War	Col. Conrad H. Lanza 88
Washington Front	Wilfrid Parsons 88

### ARTICLES

Easter, Dawn of Hope for a Heart-sick World	William A. Donaghy, S.J. 89
Beveridge Report—English View: II	Lewis Watt 91
Mary's Day Mass for Fighting Men	Auleen B. Eberhardt 93
Sea-Power in the Baltic	Alfred Bilmanis 94
Nazis Rob Belgium of Art Treasures	Jeannette Hegeman 95
Chaplain of the Merchant Marine	B. J. Finnegan 96
Banking—New Style	A. T. 97

### EDITORIALS

Save the FSA . . . Boot-of-the-Month . . . Housing Without Strings . . . The Plan for Spain . . . May Day Parade.	98
---	----

### LITERATURE AND ARTS

Poets' Round Table	Arthur MacGillivray 101
--------------------	-------------------------

### POETRY

Our Lover to Calvary	Sister Margaret Teresa 103
Poem: 1943	Tom Boggs
Heaven and Earth	Sara Maynard
May in Eirinn	Translated by Padraic Colum

### BOOKS

Reviewed by	104
Last of Summer	Harold C. Gardiner
Humanistic Sociology	Robert C. Hartnett, S.J.
The Menace of the Herd	Wilfrid Parsons

### MUSIC

THEATRE	FILMS	108
---------	-------	-----

### CORRESPONDENCE

PARADE	111
--------	-----

## WHO'S WHO

WILLIAM A. DONAGHY, S.J., reviews the choice which man, through the ages and twice in this century, has had to make—Easter and Resurrection or paganism and death. Father Donaghy, a member of the AMERICA staff, completed his theological studies at Weston College, Mass. . . . FATHER WATT, S.J., of Campion Hall, Oxford, completes his analysis of the Beveridge Plan. . . . AULEEN B. EBERHARDT of Dubuque, Iowa, has appeared frequently in various Catholic publications and, two years ago, founded a group of Catholic Mothers' Study Clubs which has won national recognition. . . . DR. ALFRED BILMANIS, at present Latvian Minister to the United States, brings to his discussion of the importance of a free Baltic region to a free Europe, a distinguished background of diplomatic, historic and journalistic work. In addition to his services as former Minister to Russia, and sub-delegate to the League, Dr. Bilmanis is the author of a number of historical books. . . . JEANETTE HEGEMAN, another Iowa Catholic writer, has contributed to many historical and travel magazines during the past eight years. Where the art of occupied countries is concerned, she finds, the Nazi overlords have lustful eyes and very light fingers. . . . FATHER FINNEGAN, S.J., who has been assisting in Chaplaincy work, week-ends, at the Merchant Marine Station, teaches religion and history at Fairfield College Preparatory School, Connecticut. . . . ARTHUR MACGILLIVRAY is at present completing his theological studies at Weston College, Weston, Mass. His volume of poems is to be published sometime during this spring.

# COMMENT ON THE WEEK

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**Two Presidents.** This was no meeting of grim-faced dictators ("dictators don't smile," Mussolini is reported as saying). There was no heiling or hitling, no heel-clicking or stiff-armed salutes. Instead there were the *vivas* and welcoming shouts of the people of Monterrey, who, to honor the visit of President Roosevelt to their own President Camacho, had festooned the streets with arches and flags. "Welcome to the President" read the banners; the name being omitted as a polite Mexican gesture towards the official secrecy. It was scarcely a world-shaking conference, though its good effects will endure when the meetings at Berchtesgaden and the Brenner Pass are only a painful memory. Two good neighbors—two great peoples—were having a friendly visit. With the shadow of the war cast over both Mexico and the United States, it was to be expected that the two Presidents should speak seriously. Both recalled the increasingly friendly relations between the two nations. Both affirmed their faith in the power of the democratic principle to build a better Mexico, a better United States, a better world. It is not easy to realize that, not far north of where the two statesmen were speaking, lay the rich southwest of the United States, the prize of a bloody war with Mexico, now sufficiently guarded by a wire fence and the goodwill of two peoples. Here was an object-lesson in which, to quote President Camacho: "our brothers, our comrades and even our enemies may discover a promise capable of giving to their lives a better content." God speed the day.

**Franco and the Bishops.** General Franco has "lined up" the Spanish Bishops, says *Time* in reference to their recent oath. *Life* calls the oath "blood curdling." These are but samples of news accounts which insinuate some sort of deep, sinister meaning in what was the ordinary expression of a concluded Concordat. Writing for the N.C.W.C. News Service, the Rev. Dr. Jerome D. Hannon, Associate Professor of Law at the Catholic University of America, observes that the wording of the oath corresponds very closely with the text of Concordats which the Holy See had entered into with Napoleon's Republic. Sensation-seeking news accounts make no mention of the oath taken by the Bishops of Germany in virtue of the Concordat of September 10, 1933. The two oaths are word for word the same, embodying only the changes necessary to indicate the state involved. So post-World-War Poland. Says Dr. Hannon:

It was not merely for the sake of rhetoric that the oath includes the words: "as befits a Bishop." These words indicate, on the one hand, the high responsibility of a Bishop to the just laws of his country; but, on the other, they as surely point to his even higher responsibility to the law of nature and of God.

The policy of the Holy See is to come to definite agreements with any existing government that will comply with certain basic conditions. It does not imply an over-all endorsement of the particular regime. A substantially like wording was used for many Latin-American Democracies.

**Outlawing War.** Voluntary renunciation of war by the nations, says Father Albert LeRoy, of the International Labor Office, still admits the possibility of war. The problem is to construct an international order from which the very idea of war is banished. He makes this point in an article *La Dernière Guerre*, in the April number of *Relations*, a Catholic Review, published in Montreal. The civil legislator, he points out, does not ask himself how he is going to prevent the citizens creating chaos from defining and asserting their rights by their individual authority, but begins from the assumption that the protection and defense of the citizens and their rights are primarily the concern of the State. To Father LeRoy's mind, it is as anomalous to try to secure peace by self-denying ordinances against war as it would be to replace civil authority by a League for the Abolition of Robbery and Murder. Civil society simply does not admit the right of anyone to rob or murder; the robber and murderer are *ipso facto* offenders against the whole society, and are pursued and punished by the agents of the whole society in the name of the whole society. To adapt a recent statement of President Roosevelt's about inflation—the way to hold the line against war is *not* to seek conditions and excuses justifying war.

**Hobbs Bill.** Passed by an overwhelming vote in the House of Representatives, the Hobbs Bill, designed to include labor unions under the 1934 Federal Anti-Racketeering Act, reposes for the moment in the files of the Senate Education and Labor Committee. Whether the Bill will be reported out is at least doubtful; and if reported out, it is equally doubtful whether the Senate will concur with the House. About the abuse of the union activity which the Bill would punish by fine and imprisonment, there can be no question whatsoever. Even Daniel Tobin, head of the powerful A.F. of L. Teamsters Union, whose locals have been the chief culprits, has condemned the practice whereby unions stop trucks entering cities and, by force or threat of force, procure payment of a day's wages at union scales as the price for permitting the truck to proceed to its destination. The fact that the pickets sometimes offer to drive and unload the truck may mitigate the injustice but does not change the evil substantially. The only question is whether Federal legislation in general, and the Hobbs Bill in particular, is the way to deal with the problem.



**Who Will Clean House?** The most satisfactory solution, of course, would consist in self-regulation by the unions themselves, but this ideal, for several reasons, does not seem practical right now. While the public waits, therefore, for the unions to discipline themselves, it must be protected by the Government. The practical issue consists in a choice between Federal and State legislation. Those who argue that the States can handle this and similar situations themselves are undoubtedly right. As a matter of fact, no new laws are needed to curb union racketeering, since the States already have legislation against extortion and the use of violence. If any Federal law is needed, proponents of State legislation assert, it is a law commanding State officials to do their duty! But supporters of the Hobbs Bill reply that experience shows that certain States will not act to control the unlawful activities of unions, and therefore the Federal Government must intervene. Regardless of the fate of the Hobbs Bill, union leaders owe it to the rank and file to take the lead in proposing sane legislation aimed to protect the rights of the public and the rights of their members as well. Such legislation is coming anyway, and it is to labor's benefit that it be written by friendly and understanding hands rather than by the hands of its enemies.

**Oldest Medalist.** Last week's Comment on the awarding of the Laetare Medal to Thomas F. Woodlock suggested a little research. We find that one who received this award exactly thirty-two years ago is still alive. She is a lady of eighty-seven and we do not know if we shall have more from her happy pen; but for this long span she has presided graciously and very modestly as the queen of essayists. Though that leisurely and cultured art speaks to lovers of literature with a gentle voice that is howled down by wartime and war books, we venture to think that this author will have a hearing among an ever-increasing and ever more appreciative following. If we say that her's are *To Think of Tea, In Pursuit of Laughter, Books and Men*, will the name Agnes Repplier spring to mind? She bears her years and fame modestly and well—Laetare medalists of the future may well take her as their patroness.

**The Letter We Didn't Get.** Poking in a foxhole in North Africa, Sergeant Donald Hutcheson, sometime reporter of the Wilmington, Del., *Morning News*, now fighting under Gen. George S. Patton, Jr., discovered part of a letter to the editor of a magazine. The letter was written from Holly Oak, in Delaware, on a scrap of paper, barely legible; but the finder's practised eye was pleasantly impressed by anything which was even remotely connected with home. The *Morning News*, of April 6, 1943, informs us that the letter "praises a writer, Antoinette de Branges, and ends with *Vive la France!*" It is signed "Holly Oak, Delaware . . . L.R.M.d'A." Telephone and city directories in Holly Oak listed no family with a name starting with d'A. But we venture to identify the article which was "praised." Few articles that AMERICA has pub-

lished in recent months have received so many letters of commendation as did *The Pain and the Glory of France's Darkest Hour*, by Antoinette de Branges, in our issue of January 23, 1943. *Vive la France* was the sentiment—prophecy as well as retrospect—that the article in all instances evoked. Whoever the soldier was that left the praise of AMERICA in the foxhole, we are proud to publish notice of it now, and hope that when Sergeant Hutcheson returns safe and sound, he will give to us and Mme. de Branges the complete text.

**Soldiers of the Press.** Elmer Davis, sage and trusted moderator of the Office of War Information, paid a noble tribute to the honored dead among the men of the Press. His list of fifteen journalists who gave up their lives in combat brought to the country a new kind of hero, one rarely appreciated, though our debt to him is large. Part of the warfare—a very considerable part—is the reporting to the people what deeds our soldiers and men of the air and sea are doing for us along the grim battle-line. Due to the skill and enthusiasm of these newsmen for our national cause, we are able to follow with our eyes and hearts the difficult course on which our fighting men are pursuing the enemy toward final victory. Thus we can and do share in all their efforts, trials and triumphs. We are moved to give them unstinting support, and to make ready a goodly home in expectation of their return. The Press is the tie between us and them, and its courageous martyrs deserve our gratitude and reverence. We honor their golden stars.

**Soldiers in the Field.** Meanwhile two of our sophisticated weeklies somehow lessen our respect for the function of a part of the Press. Retelling the events in the rout of Rommel from the Mareth Line to the last bastion of Tunisian defenses, they found much fault, even pointed with a nod of disdain at the colorless conduct in the part played by General Patton and his men during that two weeks' drubbing given the Panzer legions. And this, despite the German and Italian admissions that our flanking and holding tactics forced the enemy to divert so much of his armored strength that he could not give Montgomery a solid face of resistance. Some of our shut-ins evidently have never learned how to play the American game of football. To "take out" an opposing guard or a defensive half-back may well be nine-tenths of a touchdown. The players know that, and they understand much better than the grandstand shouters just who wins the game. In that "piston" attack in Tunisia, our orders were to take out just one fraction of the enemy, and then to *hold!* We did it with perfect teamwork. Our Allies scored the touchdown. One or other of us missed a minor assignment, but our general play was that of champions. Sour side-line carping, if megaphoned, hurts everyone. Happily Mr. Davis does not sit in that section.

**Terms of Victory.** "Unconditional surrender" of the Axis is our professed goal, and the determination behind those two simple words grows every day.



But with that determination to crush the foe, there ought to begin to emerge, now that the crushing seems a rather immediate prospect, the assurance at the same time that we do not want, and will not stand for, any destruction of the German people. Goebbels and Goering are trading on that deep-set fear; in their speeches on Hitler's birthday (April 19) they say the issue is "victory or destruction." They are far more right than they know; for Nazism must be destroyed, it must be utterly blasted from the face of the earth. But to allow the Germans to think that every one of them, without exception, will share that extreme fate is short-sighted policy. Our State Department has experienced the benefits of reassuring our foes; when the non-naturalized Italians in the country were relieved of the stigma "enemy aliens," the Italians in Italy were assured that we do not desire their "destruction." Partially as a result of that wise assurance, all observers agree that an American invasion of Italy will find the people ready to welcome us. The Germans may not be ready to go that far but, with an invasion apparently imminent, they ought to receive word from us that the fears their leaders are playing on have no foundation. "Unconditional surrender," yes; degradation, serfdom, humiliation for the German race, no. The Four Freedoms, as we understand them, apply to Germans, too.

**Poetic Justice.** The poet's eye in a fine frenzy rolling, holds yet, in the opinion of the Supreme Court, the essential gleam of reason. Many years ago, it seems, a song-writer wrote a song—"When Irish Eyes are Smiling." He had assigned the second copyright to a certain firm; but now, relying, doubtless, on the ancient tradition of the fecklessness of poets, he wanted the contract voided. While the world reeled about them, the potent, grave and reverend signors listened to the tale of the poet and his rhyme; for what boots it to defend civilization by arms if we should close our courts to its finest flower? In its majority opinion, the Court took judicial cognizance of the frequency with which genius was associated with poverty and garrets, not to speak of "habits making for intermittent want," but refused to see in these any signs of irresponsibility or inability to enter into a valid contract. The Press reports confine themselves mostly to arid details about the question of copyright before the Court. The reader demands more. Was there a Cicero in Washington to deliver another *Pro Archia* before our highest tribunal? Did the Nine Old Men renew their youth like the eagle with nostalgic recollections of well-greaved Achilles, *lacrimae rerum*, the urbane, if bibulous, Horace, the bibulous and by no means urbane Villon? An adroit counsel might make much of the disreputable Villon, and point out that Virgil and Horace relied on a kind of Augustan WPA. It cannot be questioned, on the other hand, that Chaucer was quite sound as Superintendent of Public Works and as a "revenooer." However, the Court has spoken; *causa finita est*. The lunatic and the lover go their solitary way, while the poet joins the ranks of sound, sane, substantial citizens.

## UNDERSCORINGS

CHAPLAIN Francis Gorman wrote these significant words from Guadalcanal:

The hour before the last struggle for the "Canal" I will always remember as the greatest moment of my life. The commanding officer called his men together and gave them his orders and instructions and then turned them over to me. I gave them a few words of encouragement; then placing my stole over my dirty, sweaty uniform, we all knelt down, Jews, Protestants and Catholics, and recited aloud together the Act of Contrition. I raised my hand in benediction above them and gave the final absolution. Afterward, the commanding officer told me that for a few it was the first word of God they had ever heard, and for many (I cannot tell you how many) it was the last.

► Typical of the mercy work done for prisoners by the Vatican and our Apostolic Delegation, was the news brought to the Burghardt family of Brooklyn that their son, "Montana Bill," was safe and a prisoner of war in Italy. The Burghardts are Episcopalians.

► Twenty-six Russian Orthodox churches in Moscow were open for Palm Sunday. Crowds to a degree unknown since before the Revolution attended the services, says a *United Press* dispatch. The throngs were so great as to block traffic before some of the churches. Numerous service men were among those attending.

► Meanwhile, Mexican soldiers are still deprived of Chaplains. By law their army may not admit these "men of God," a disability which our people find hard to couple with the notion of democracy.

► An *amparo*, equivalent to our writs of *habeas corpus*, *certiorari* and *mandamus*, settled the issue in controversy at the University of San Nicolas at Morelia. Federal District Judge Miguel Ramos restored full rights to the deposed Rector and his officials, and ordered the return of all funds and properties. *Novedades*, of Mexico City, called the decision "a magnificent sign of independence and decorum in the administration of Federal Justice."

► By the death, on April 16, of Dr. Richard A. Muttkowski, educator and head of the Biology Department of the University of Detroit, AMERICA lost a most valued science contributor of earlier years.

► Saturday, May 8, preceding Mothers' Day, parishes in many dioceses will observe "Mary's Day," to intercede with the Mother of God for victory and the return of the world to justice and peace.

► The Bishops of China are making every effort to maintain their seminaries, in spite of the difficulties of war. In Nanchang, before his city was captured, Bishop Cleary sent thirty-eight of his native seminarians out of the danger zone. Two, captured by the Japanese, were released at the intercession of the Bishop. When the Japanese retired, his first care was to reopen the seminary.

► In England a group of prominent priests and laymen wrote a joint letter to the *Catholic Herald*, urging that the English language be used in the ceremonies of Baptism, Marriage, churching of women, visitations of the sick, Extreme Unction and burials.

## THE NATION AT WAR

DURING the week ending April 19, there have been three active war sectors. In Tunisia, concentric attacks by Allied troops have forced the Axis out of south and central Tunisia. Efforts to cut off withdrawing German and Italian units failed, and the majority, with their guns and equipment, escaped.

In the series of battles which led up to this success, and which started in mid-March, the Americans lost 5,372 men. This would be for our one corps a ten-per-cent loss. There is no information as to British and French losses. There were taken from the enemy 30,000 prisoners, which, with his casualties of probably 20,000, will have reduced his strength to an estimated 200,000 men.

The new enemy line encloses the fortress of Bizerte, the city of Tunis and the Cape Bon peninsula. It has a land front of 106 miles, to defend which the Axis has nearly 2,000 men per mile. This is rather small, and the enemy may either withdraw further, or bring over more troops. Reports are that Italian troops are leaving, but that the Germans are staying, with more arriving.

Appeals have come to Washington from the Pacific to do something about Japanese threats. Our daily communiqués have long announced that in frequent air fights the Japs were losing about six planes to every one of ours. We have also been sinking their convoys, with few ship losses on our side. It has been somewhat of a surprise, after these successes, to learn that the Japanese are now not only strong, but so strong that help is needed.

Japan is working strenuously to prepare a stiff defense to be ready before we start our march on Tokyo. She will not neglect to take advantage of weak spots in the Allied lines, to push them further away from her island Empire. On three days this week, Jap air fleets of nearly 100 planes raided our ships and bases at Oro Bay, Port Moresby, and Milne Bay, all in New Guinea. Our reports indicate that they did but little damage and lost ninety planes against an unstated number of ours. The Jap reports are just the other way around.

It may well be that the Japanese will attack somewhere along the line from Alaska, down to Australia, and thence up to India. A little over a year ago they attacked the Philippines, Hong Kong and Singapore at the same time, and it is by no means impossible that they may attack again at several places during this coming summer.

Allied bombings of Axis cities continue, mostly industrial plants in Germany and harbors in Italy. From air photographs taken afterwards it is evident that great damage has been done, but it is not certain how much interference has been caused in Axis production. A report from Switzerland alleges that the great German plants have been already dismantled, their production having been distributed among numerous scattered small plants. Another report from Sweden states that German industry has indeed been hard hit by these air raids.

The Axis air defense has been improving, and it occasionally causes us some severe losses.

COL. CONRAD H. LANZA

## WASHINGTON FRONT

WITH the President in Mexico and the Vice-President in South America, and Congress chafing at being kept in Washington for a wintry, heatless April, the home front was in the doldrums. Beneath the surface, however, there was a boiling discontent, which threatens to break out in open rebellion.

Symptoms of this situation were the protests of the press at being excluded from the food conference at Hot Springs, the resignation of the fourteen writers from OWI, the anger of the Jews at the holding of the refugee conference in inaccessible Bermuda, the dismay of both labor and industry at the prospect of the passing of the Austin-Wadsworth bill, the chaos resulting from Mr. McNutt's order freezing labor, and as yet inarticulate, but potentially more dangerous, revolt in the war agencies against goings-on in the War Manpower Commission and the War Production Board.

In spite of appearances, all these seemingly disparate events add up to the same thing. It is the alarming growth of an unnecessarily undemocratic way of carrying on our war. If you talk to any of the civilian employees of the war agencies, you get one undeviating answer on the cause of this growth: the Army. (Not the Navy, be it noted, for it has a clear record.) Tentative approaches to Army spokesmen bring the smug assurance that it all stems from the President. Back to the civilians, and you get an amazed assent. But you will also find no difficulty in collecting indiscreet utterances from sundry colonels (synthetic or West Point) as to what they intend to do with and to industry both during and after the war, since at the armistice they will control millions of workers and dozens of factories.

The charges against the Army that are freely aired in Washington mostly center around the War Production Board and the War Manpower Commission. Both of these agencies, it is alleged by those who ought to know, are already fully under Army control, either directly or through big-business men wearing uniforms. It is freely predicted that upon its inevitable breakdown the OPA will also fall to the Army. It is not yet known what is the real reason behind the recent resignations in OWI, but the best guess is that it is also because Mr. Davis has been shackled by the Army. The War Labor Board is another agency which is pointed to as a logical successor to the others in the same direction within sixty days.

This observer naturally is unable to say categorically whether this civilian discontent and these civilian charges and predictions are all well founded. However, he, and any other person who gets around, will testify that the discontent is real and that the charges and predictions are being made, and that those who make them seem very sure of their facts. The whole matter obviously needs airing. Everybody understands that regimentation in wartime is inevitable, but that it should be done by civilians. Regimentation by the military should scarcely be necessary.

WILFRID PARSONS



# EASTER, DAWN OF HOPE FOR A HEART-SICK WORLD

WILLIAM DONAGHY, S. J.

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CHARLES-MAURICE de Talleyrand-Périgord, Bishop of Autun, was scarcely the ideal Churchman. One would search far to find in his character any vestige of that episcopal greatness which Saint Paul delineates in his "pastoral epistles" to Titus and Timothy. Yet, if one can believe an anecdotal footnote to history, Talleyrand, like Saint Paul, appreciated the central position of the Resurrection in the Christian pattern.

According to the story, some French thinker instituted a new religion, better, in the modest estimate of its founder, than Christianity. Recruits were few, however, and he complained to Talleyrand of the obtuseness of his contemporaries. "My friend," said the prelate-statesman, "if you desire to found a flourishing religion, I respectfully propose that you be crucified and rise again on the third day—if you can."

The remark was in questionable taste and had overtones of flippancy. But it presents very strikingly the truth embodied in Paul's declaration to the Corinthians: "If Christ be not risen from the dead, vain is my preaching and vain your faith." The return of Christ from death to life is the central doctrine of the Faith. Thrice, with unmistakable clarity, did He predict it; and had He failed to rise, the whole edifice of His teachings would have collapsed like any house of cards founded on fraud.

The historical fact of His Resurrection cannot be impugned, though it is not our purpose here to vindicate it. Year after year, with constantly changing theories, men have tried to explain it away; chiefly by the self-consuming contention that it did not happen because it simply could not happen. The impossibility of the supernatural is established by the process which Shaw has called "dogmatic reiteration." Once you grant that impossibility, it follows that the Resurrection, a preeminently supernatural event, did not occur. Many of the arguments of genuinely great scholars on this point have no more validity than the rhetorical *riposte* whereby the shrewd tinker, in *The Way of All Flesh*, upset Ernest Pontifex's faith and led him to doubt the Resurrection.

Emil Ludwig, for example, though no great scholar, declares, as he begins to write the life of Christ: "In this account, when any reference is made to the miracles, they are interpreted naturalistically, for I am writing history and building up a picture of human characters." He assumes: 1)

that a miracle cannot be a fact and cannot, therefore, fall within the scope of legitimate history; and 2) that the human character is divided from the supernatural by an unbridgeable chaos. That these are assumptions rather than arguments, that they are less logical premises than simple prejudices, is obvious. In one of his essays, Chesterton described a man faced with a supernatural or preternatural occurrence, which he brushed off because he was living in the twentieth century. "This kind of thing does not happen in these modern times." With simple directness, Chesterton asks the man to examine the facts, to forget the clock and the calendar. The century in which one lives does not condition the truth or falsity of what one sees. One cannot help but think that if the sincere Thomas Huxley had only "sat down before fact as a little child" he would not have written to Charles Kingsley an intemperate and irrelevant commentary on Saint Paul's doctrine of the resurrection of the body.

On the third day after His death, Christ's tomb was empty. In that cenotaph, instead of His risen Body, were buried fear and the horror of death which had possessed people before His time. From that tomb flowed hope and courage to reinvigorate the world. All through ancient literature, as Mr. Glover of Cambridge has pointed out (*The Influence of Christ in the Ancient World*), terror of death and the unknown beyond ran like an undercurrent of tears.

Achilles tells Odysseus that he would prefer to be the hired serf of a poor man on earth than emperor of all the dead. Pindar's golden picture of blessed islands swept by warm breezes, where crowned shades plaited chaplets of immortal flowers, drew from Plato an intellectual snort. Lucretius, says Mr. Glover, has proved nothing except "how horribly afraid of death he is." After centuries of weary cynicism and groping agnosticism, a new hope dawned. Christ suffered—and men knew what suffering was; Christ died—and death was their intimate; but Christ triumphed over death and, in His triumph, gave new meaning to the Horatian *non omnis moriar*. Says Mr. Glover:

Then see the freedom it gave! The peace of mind that the world never knew, never could learn in the Porch of Zeno or the cave of Trophonius, Christ made natural and assured for His own. The problem was settled; the bringing in of a better hope transformed life to a new worth, a new reality. Beyond, lay no Homeric region of shades, no uneasy Pythag-

orean series of transmigrations, no weary Stoic cycle—no, but fulness of life with Christ.

The fourth-century Christian, Lactantius, held the theory that the pagan poets were, in large part, prophets, that allegorically they spoke more than they were aware of. He quotes, among others, Lucretius, as Professor Rand points out in his splendid *The Building of Eternal Rome*:

God the Father, Lactantius declares, creator of the world from nothing, looking down upon the wanderings of mankind, sent a guide to open up to us the way of justice. Him let us all follow, to Him give our devotion, since He alone, in the language of Lucretius, "cleansed the hearts of mankind by his words of truth, and set an end to desire and to fear, and showed the highest good to which we are all tending, and pointed out the way, where, along a narrow path, in a straight course, we can press on to it."

There it is. The Resurrection dispelled the ultimate uncertainty and the final fear that man's life dropped over the brink of death into fathomless oblivion. Man's heart leaped up in response to the Divine assurance: "Fear not, I have conquered the world." Man's lips gladly formed the exultant Easter antiphon; "This is the day which the Lord hath made: Let us rejoice and be glad therein."

That is why Easter should be for us a Feast of special significance. Fear and death have been our constant companions. Those of us who are older were either wounded or at least spiritually scarred by the first great war of our generation. All of us felt its impact in greater or less degree. The younger among us were born in one war and bred for another. In the mad interim between the two upheavals, we went back to the old pagan formula of madder music and stronger wine in our effort to forget. We managed to drug ourselves into spiritual insensibility whether by the crude device of bootleg liquor or the more subtle preoccupations and distractions of the intellect. But, for the most part, we refused steadfastly to face realities. We had been frightened and we meant to forget our fears.

For the last four years alarms and excursions have been our daily experience. Over Europe death thundered through the skies, rained on great cities, mushroomed up from mines, snaked through the waters. Fear once again ruled the Continent. Even over here, before our entrance into the war, pandemic terror seized us. And since we put hand to the plough to strike it into swords, ominous thoughts have crowded our hearts. Air-raid alarms, the sound of marching men, the building of an army, the battle on the production front, scare-headlines in the press, have all conspired to keep us in constant ferment. And death, that monster whom we had been combating in our laboratories, has again broken loose.

To all this there is only one answer, one solution which we must face unflinching. That is Jesus Christ and Him crucified, and Him triumphant. He alone can comfort the sad heart of man with His solemn assurance that if we live and die with Him, we shall rise resplendent and immortal with Him. He alone it was Who could make man grow to look

on death as a very good friend, so that the ancient martyrs called their day of death their birthday. With them life was a period of gestation and death was birth. Gone was the old pagan concept of death as a blind alley; rather was it an open road, a gateway, a release. And it was Christ's death and resurrection which brought about that revolution in thought.

In his sermon on Easter Sunday, April 9, 1939, the Holy Father, Pius XII, declared that today more than at any time in history, perhaps, are the words of Jeremias most apposite: when the prophet shows us men crying out "Peace, peace and there was no peace." Nor will there ever be, the Pope contends, until men return to "the King of Peace, the Conqueror of Death, from Whom we have heard the solacing words 'Peace be to you.'" Only that Divine gift which is the foundation of Christ's admonition "let not your heart be troubled or afraid" can, says the Pope, "calm and allay the fears and the confusion of men's minds."

The Pope took pains to show how Peace, in the true sense, is "built upon a single and most firm foundation. That is to say, upon the eternal God, to acknowledge whom, to honor and to worship whom, to obey whose Commandments, is a duty laid upon every living creature." As in his other utterances, the Pope was insistent that duty and justice must be joined with love. All the most painstaking regulations will not prevent war if the will to practise charity is absent.

Again on Easter Sunday, 1940, the Pontiff, while lamenting that most of the people of the earth are the prey of panic, indicates to them the true source of consolation:

The solemnities of Easter call men's minds back to the thought of heavenly joys. . . . If only mankind would listen to the holy invitation which this day offers, would experience that holy joy which alone can soothe grief, wipe away tears, and calm anxieties!

And he instructs us that faith in Christ and return to Him is not only the principle of individual sanctity, but the force which can forge that new order for which all of us so ardently hope: "We celebrate today the Feast of Christ's rising again; may it be a principle of spiritual renewal in individual lives, as history affords clear proof that it actually gave birth to a new world-order."

Paganism accepted Christ and rid itself of fear. Only the return of our neo-paganism to Christ can give us the unassailable peace which dwells deep down in the soul beyond the reach of bayonet, bullet or any calamity. He is the same Christ, yesterday, today and tomorrow.

So the full-throated *Alleluia* (All Hail to Him Who is!) need not be muted by the thunder of the guns. It was, as a matter of fact, the battle cry with which the knights of Saint Germanus rolled back the Picts and Scots in North Wales in 429, as Bede testifies. Augustine heard it in the chanting of the boatswain marking time for the rowers; it floated back to Jerome over the shoulder of the ploughman going down the furrow. It is a cry of triumph and of prayer, of faith, hope, love.



# BEVERIDGE REPORT

## ENGLISH VIEW: II

LEWIS WATT

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GIVEN the historical and political conditions of today, it was perhaps inevitable that the Report should arouse strong party feeling, particularly at Westminster. A coalition Government, formed under the pressure of military disaster for the purpose of a more energetic prosecution of the war against the Nazis and including two outstanding leaders of the labor movement (one of its political Party, the other of trade-unionism), is confronted by an official Opposition mainly composed of rank-and-file Labor M. P.'s who, while fully supporting an energetic war-policy, are highly distrustful of the Conservative Central Office. Manifestos on post-war reconstruction by such capitalist bodies as the Federation of British Industries, together with Conservative opposition to Mr. Bevin's attempt to regulate conditions in the catering trade, have given Labor the impression that Big Business is mobilizing to impose its own New Order on post-war Britain, an order to make the world safe for monopoly. It is quite probable that, but for the anger and suspicion engendered by the organized opposition to the Catering Wages Bill, just before the debate on the Beveridge Report, the three-days' discussion of the Report in the House of Commons would have produced more light and less heat. Certainly the original Labor motion, initiating the debate, was very moderate, calling the Report "a valuable aid in determining the lines on which developments and legislation should be pursued." Two days later, a Labor amendment (for which even the mover of the original motion, Mr. Greenwood, voted) expressed its dissatisfaction with Government policy toward the Report, and asked for "the early implementation of the plan." No doubt the "Treasury view," as voiced by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, aroused a lot of bad temper (it usually does); but the inflamed atmosphere was certainly due to more than that. The debate was seized upon as an opportunity to air political suspicions about the sort of social order that the Right are planning.

The consequence of this turmoil was the destruction of any hope of a balanced and judicious discussion of the Report and, in the absence of such a discussion, social reformers have no means of knowing how far our legislators have acquainted themselves with Beveridge's proposals, or thought them out. Two or three pamphlets, a few articles in the serious Press, are all the aid we have so far in forming our views on a scheme which is technical, complicated and far-reaching. Sooner or later, no doubt, the economists will begin to publish their opinions. It was a disappointment that Lord Keynes did not speak in the debate in the House of Lords. Perhaps he thinks he needs more time to

examine the Plan in all its details before committing himself. If so, he has the sympathy of all who realize the reactions and interactions of so enormous a scheme, and who, while desiring progress towards a better social order, well know how easily what is really regress can be taken for progress.

From the Catholic standpoint, it is certain that a better distribution of wealth in industrialized countries is urgently needed. The whole-hogger supporters of Beveridge claim that his proposals will secure this. But is this true? It is significant that the *Times*, a warm advocate of the Plan, says that the redistribution it effects will be "very largely a redistribution as between wage-earners themselves" (February 27, 1943). Another influential advocate, the *New Statesman*, writes: "The critics talk as if Sir William were proposing a vast transfer of purchasing power from the rich to the poor. Actually, he is doing nothing of the sort. . . . If we say that, in all, three-quarters of the burden (of the Plan) is likely to fall on the insured persons, excluding the rich, we shall certainly not be exaggerating" (February 2, 1943). This does not sound like the opening of the gates of a New Jerusalem.

Catholics will welcome the importance which Beveridge attaches to family life, as expressed in several passages of the Report, and to his recognition of the need to avoid discouraging initiative and thrift. His desire to ensure at least a subsistence income to those who have undergone some economic calamity, without pauperizing them, is excellent; every humane person approves, everyone versed in social history knows the difficulties. I do not see how Catholics can join the chorus of those who proclaim that economic security (so far as it can be attained in this mutable life) is an ignoble ideal "unworthy of a great and virile nation," as one critic expresses it. This is irreconcilable with the paragraphs of *Quadragesimo Anno* which deal with the uplifting of the proletariat, and with Leo XIII's advice about insurance against industrial accidents, sickness, old age and misfortune (*Rerum Novarum*, par. 43). The vast and prosperous business of insuring people who can afford to pay premiums against various risks has not hitherto been accused of being "unworthy of a great and virile nation," nor has it been thought contemptible of a bread-winner to try to secure his family, by insurance, against his death or illness, or himself against old age.

There is, in short, nothing in our principles to make us condemn insurance. It may be added that compulsory workmen's insurance has been accepted by the Catholic social movement, on the ground that the community has the right to protect itself against the thriftless who would become a charge on it merely because they had omitted to make any provision against ordinary misfortune or old age.<sup>1</sup> The well known and influential *Action Populaire* gave consistent support to the French system of compulsory social insurance which, after several years of discussion, became law in 1930, though it admitted that the system was not perfect. Nor is

<sup>1</sup>See, for example, Antoine, *Cours d'Economie Sociale* (1921), pp. 727 sq.

this a new development of the Catholic social movement, for it was urging compulsory social insurance last century in Germany, France, Holland, Belgium, Luxembourg and Switzerland.<sup>2</sup>

But it is one thing to say that social insurance should be compulsory, and quite another to say that the system should be centralized in the hands of the state. The existing National Health Insurance in Britain involves compulsory contributions, but its administration is in the hands of Approved Societies (Friendly Societies, etc.). The Beveridge Plan, on the other hand, while admitting that a place in it might be found for some of the Approved Societies, lays all its emphasis on centralization of administration in the Ministry of Social Security, i.e. the state. This is not the case with the French system, and it is undeniable that those who supported it would have been, in all probability, hostile had it been as *étatiste* as the Beveridge Plan. Here, as elsewhere, we are faced with the problem of applying the principle laid down in the Encyclicals, that the state's true function is essentially subsidiary, that it must not "arrogate to itself functions which can be performed efficiently by smaller and lower societies" (*Quadragesimo Anno*). The application of this sound principle varies with times and other circumstances, for "history clearly proves that, owing to changed circumstances, much that was formerly done by small groups can nowadays only be done by large associations" (*ibid.*). In these days, more than ever, we have to be on our guard against the trend towards Totalitarianism; but we have to be equally careful that we do not react into *laissez-faire* Liberalism. In the matter of social insurance, the question is whether a satisfactory scheme can be established without state centralization. Beveridge believes that it cannot and, in confirmation, he points to certain anomalies in the administration of Health Insurance by the Approved Societies, to the abuses connected with Funeral Benefit provided by the Industrial Life Offices, to the absence of private insurance against unemployment, and so on. The Industrial Life Offices defend themselves vigorously; so do some of the Approved Societies. Great vested interests are threatened, and political feelings are aroused which cloud the judgment of the disputants.

It is too much to expect that all Catholics will succeed in rising above the clamor of political parties, or in avoiding the contagion of political prejudice. But to those who really seek to know what their attitude to a centralized state-insurance scheme ought to be, it seems to me (*salvo meliore iudicio*) that one can only answer: such a scheme is not necessarily bad, and you are free to form your own opinion of it in the Britain of today.

Turning now to the details of the Beveridge Plan, Catholics will notice that it makes no explicit provision for a statutory minimum wage, though friendly commentators maintain that it implies this, and Beveridge himself has publicly stated that a minimum wage will be necessary. This logically follows from the admitted necessity to make it less

desirable to go on benefit than to work. Since children's allowances are to begin (when the responsible parent is not on benefit or pension) with the second child, evidently the minimum wage ought to cover man, wife and one child, and ought to exceed what these three would receive from the Insurance Fund (normally 48s.), plus the husband's contribution to the Fund (4s. 3d. for an employed man) and expenses incidental to employment (e.g. cost of transport). Even this minimum wage would hardly be more than a mere subsistence pittance, considering the rigor with which the subsistence income has been calculated in the Report. This is very far from the Catholic ideal of a family basic wage, sufficient for the human needs of a normal family and for saving. If Catholic workers believe, as many do, that there is no chance whatever of this ideal being realized in Britain, and that the Beveridge Plan offers a less satisfactory but more practical alternative, they must not shut their eyes to the fact that the system of children's allowances proposed will almost certainly react on wage-rates to the disadvantage of the workers, and that they themselves help to pay those allowances through indirect taxation and, so far as all except the lowest paid are concerned, through income tax. They must not be so naive as to expect social insurance to effect a drastic redistribution of wealth in their favor. Something has already been said about this, and it may be added that British social insurance in the past has not resulted in a transference of wealth from the rich to the poor. "The funds spent by the Government for the benefit of the working class were hardly more than what was paid to it by the working class."<sup>3</sup>

There are many other points in the Report which are sure to attract criticism when the political atmosphere has cooled. The scheme frankly assumes that there will be no more mass-unemployment, or long-term unemployment for individuals. But is this not a tremendous assumption? Would any political party be prepared to stake its reputation on this point? The Report also assumes that a nationwide medical and rehabilitation service, mainly financed by the public funds, will be created; and already the medical profession is stirring uneasily.

Why is the scheme devised to cover all the population without upper-income limit, if its purpose is to abolish want? Is this a method of avoiding a means test, which discourages thrift; and, if so, is it not a clumsy method? Is it impossible to devise a way of identifying those in want without *offensive* investigation or the discouragement of saving? Why drag into the Plan people who are extremely unlikely to need it (the wealthy, and those who run little risk of unemployment)?

Then there is the great problem of the finance of the Plan. Beveridge maintains it can easily be solved; his critics say it will ruin British commerce and industry and the National Exchequer. Much hard thinking and discussion is still necessary.

These are but a very few of the questions which ought to be asked and answered. The sooner the better.

<sup>2</sup>Turmann, *Le Développement du Catholicisme Social* (1900), pp. 115 sq.

<sup>3</sup>J. R. Hicks, *The Social Framework* (1942), p. 188.



# MARY'S DAY MASS FOR FIGHTING MEN

AULEEN B. EBERHARDT

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SEVERAL years ago the International Federation of Catholic Alumnae inaugurated the beautiful custom of paying homage to Mary, the Mother of God, on the Saturday before Mother's Day. The highlight of the observance was the celebration of a Mass in honor of Mary, at which members of the Federation received Holy Communion. In recent years, branches of the organization in many parts of the country have made the celebration of Mary's Day an annual event.

This laudable custom of the IFCA has emboldened me to make a suggestion: why not have Mary's Day Masses throughout the nation on Saturday, May 8, with the double intention of honoring the Mother of God and of asking her intercession for the men and women in the armed forces? A plea for an early peace with victory might be included in the intention.

The tremendous number of men now with the armed forces, coupled with the knowledge that major battles between American troops and the enemy forces are inevitable, makes a nationwide observance of Mary's Day particularly fitting at this time. Surely, no one would question the wisdom of an appeal to Mary for those who are now on the battle fronts of the world. There is scarcely a family to which the war has not come close. Fathers, husbands, sweethearts, brothers, relatives and friends have gone—and the women they left behind must work and wait. And, above all, pray.

Mary's Day Masses could be the means of sending a mighty stream of supplications to Mary, so that, through her aid, the horrors of battle may be lessened, and that peace, with victory, may soon come. Group prayer of this nature, demonstrating both love of Mary and an abiding faith, surely could avert casualties and hasten the end of the world conflict.

Mary's Day Masses for the welfare of those in service would not be difficult to organize. Last year, the unit of the IFCA at Dubuque, Iowa, carried out the plan with astonishing success. Despite a heavy downpour that began at 6 o'clock and lasted until after 7 (the hour of the Mass), over 1,500 women and girls came from all parts of the city to St. Raphael's Cathedral, to honor Mary and to pray for their loved ones in the armed forces.

Mothers whose sons had gone to war in all the glory of their young manhood knelt, with tear-dimmed eyes, alongside lovely young girls whose sweethearts had just marched away. Wives and sisters and friends of the men in service prayed together, asking God, through the intercession of Mary, to spare their loved ones. Gold Star mothers from the first World War marched, with slowing

footsteps, to the places of honor reserved for them in the front of the church, and knelt beside younger mothers whose sons had died at Pearl Harbor and Corregidor. And, joining with their Catholic neighbors in the Mass of supplication, were many non-Catholics—women who had availed themselves of the city-wide invitation to be present.

This year a Mary's Day Mass—for the welfare of those in the armed forces and for peace with victory—will again be celebrated in St. Raphael's Cathedral on the Saturday before Mother's Day. Archbishop F. J. L. Beckman will say the Mass. At least four other Iowa cities will have a similar service, and many others are expected to fall into line.

It is of interest to note that Mary's Day Masses are very easy to arrange. The first step, of course, is to seek the cooperation of the Church authorities, and to obtain permission to hold the service. The second step is to secure a church large enough to accommodate the girls and women from other parishes. One church is sufficient for the average city of 30,000 to 40,000. In larger areas, several churches should be used in order to accommodate the great crowds of women who are attracted to the services. The third step is to publicize the event—so that all Catholic women will know that they are welcome to attend. It is well to extend invitations to non-Catholic girls and women, for many of them are most anxious to participate in massed prayer services for the welfare of their loved ones. Incidentally, congregational singing of hymns to Mary adds much to the Mary's Day Mass.

The Dubuque unit received splendid cooperation from the local newspaper. Both radio stations extended IFCA speakers the courtesy of fifteen minutes to explain the reasons for the Mass and to extend invitations to Catholics as well as non-Catholics. And, on the Sunday preceding Mary's Day, all city pastors announced the time and the place of the Mass, and invited all of the mothers, wives, sisters and sweethearts of the boys to attend.

The Mary's Day Mass was one of the memorable religious events in Dubuque, in that the congregation was composed entirely of girls and women, Catholic and non-Catholic, all united in a common cause—prayer for their loved ones.

With thousands of men being called into service each week, a Mary's Day Mass for the welfare of all who are in the armed forces holds an unusual appeal to women of all ages, as it presents an opportunity for them to hold up the hands of their loved ones through devout prayer and supplication in company with other women.

While Mary's Day originated as a special work of the IFCA, perhaps other organizations could adopt the plan. A nationwide observance of Saturday, May 8, would mean that several million mothers, wives, sweethearts, sisters and friends would attend Mass with but a single aim—to pray for the men and women now serving their country in the armed forces. Assuredly, supplication like this would be the means of warding off grave dangers, and would speed the day when God, in His mercy and justice, will bring peace to the world.

# SEA-POWER IN THE BALTIC

ALFRED BILMANIS

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LATVIA and Estonia are rather new names on the political map of Europe, but its inhabitants—the Latvians (not "Letts," which is the German form) and Estonians—have dwelt on the Baltic shores for several thousand years. The Latvians and Estonians are neither Germanic nor Slavic—they are certainly not Russian. All territories inhabited by Latvians were united in 1918 into one state under the name of Latvia. Estonia also was proclaimed independent in 1918. Besides Latvia and Estonia, the following countries were established in the beginning of the twentieth century: Norway, in 1905; Bulgaria, in 1908; Albania, in 1912; and, six years later, in 1918, after World War I, Austria, Hungary, Czechoslovakia, Poland, Lithuania and Finland. The Ukraine, White Ruthenia, Georgia, Armenia, Azerbeidzan were proclaimed independent and free in 1918, after the Bolshevik revolution, but they were reconquered and reannexed by Soviet Russia in 1920-1921.

The Baltic States not only survived politically, but became economically self-supporting, and were considered the guardians of the freedom of the Baltic Sea. If one considers the problem of the freedom of the Baltic Sea, one cannot consider it apart from the Baltic nations.

The Baltic Sea is so called after the Baltic people, who are the autochthonous (at least for 4,000 years) inhabitants of the eastern shores of the Baltic Sea. "Balts," in Latvian, means white or shining. The Baltic Sea, indeed, sometimes is rather white because of small waves. Anyway, this name is now universally adopted. The expression "Baltia" was first used by Adam, who was Bishop of Bremen, in 1070.

The Baltic Sea, or the Mediterranean of the North (so called by the famous French professor of International law, M. Olivier-Martin), is situated in Northern Europe, and extends between 54° and 66° N. latitude and 9° and 30° E. longitude. The main axis of the Baltic Sea runs approximately southwest to northeast, and the distance between Kiel, the German port at the most southwestern point of the Baltic Sea, and Haparanda, the Swedish port at the most northeastern point, is 1700 kilometers or, roughly, 1000 miles as the crow flies, whereas the distance from Estonia, or the coast of Kurland, Latvia, to Sweden is about 175 miles.

To the east is the large, shallow Gulf of Riga, so called after Latvia's capital. To the northeast is the Gulf of Finland. The southeastern coast of the Baltic Sea is bounded by a continuous line of sand dunes, which cut off the two great lagoons of the "Frisches Haff" and the "Kurisches Haff"—so called after the Kuronians, a Latvian tribe which

still dwells there. The biggest Baltic islands are: Danish Bornholm, Estonian Saare or Oesel, Finnish Aaland islands, and Swedish Oeland and Gotland. The latter lies only eighteen nautical miles from the coast of Kurland, a province of Latvia.

The Baltic Sea in general is very suitable for navigation; the ports of Liepaja (or Libau) and Ventspils (or Windau) are ice-free. The more northern ports, Latvian Riga and Estonian Tallin (or Reval) are kept free by powerful ice-breakers. Many important rivers on the eastern coast flow into the Baltic Sea, among them the Polish Vistula, Lithuanian Niemen, Latvian Venta, Lielupe, Daugava, Gauja, and the Estonian Narva, which represent long-distance inland waterways connecting the Baltic Sea with its hinterland.

The Baltic Sea is thoroughly explored, and good navigation maps are available. On December 31, 1925, the Baltic Geodetic Convention was signed by all Baltic riparian states: Denmark, Estonia, Finland, Latvia, Lithuania, Poland, Danzig and Sweden. Neither Germany nor Soviet Russia joined the convention—they were evidently reluctant to allow the entrances of their ports to be investigated. Besides, the Germans and the Russians are not originally Baltic peoples. Eastern Prussia, inhabited by Old-Prussians, was invaded by the Germans in the thirteenth century and subdued only in the fifteenth century. At the same time the Germans moved by sea, via the Gulf of Riga, into Latvian- and Estonian-inhabited lands on the eastern shores of the Baltic and, after centuries-long struggles, subdued also the Latvians and Estonians, but could not denationalize them. The Teutonic Knights founded on Prussian lands the *Terra Petri*, and the Livonian Order—also a German expositor, on Latvian-Estonian lands the *Terra Mariana*—both as independent principalities under the German Emperor's suzerainty. It is noteworthy that Palestine was called the *Terra Filii*. Latvia and Estonia are the heirs of the independent *Terra Mariana*, which was partitioned in the sixteenth century.

The Russians appeared on the Baltic coast much later—only in the eighteenth century. In 1703 they founded the port of St. Petersburg on Ingrian land at the mouth of the Neva river, which connects the city of Novgorod with the Finnish Gulf, via Lake Ladoga and the river Volchov. Later, both newcomers—the Germans and the Russians—endeavored to convince the world that they are the historic masters of the Baltic, and that the indigenous Baltic peoples are not nations at all.

The Latvians and Estonians were known as inhabitants of the Baltic shores by the Greek historian Polybius and by the Roman historian Tacitus, who mentions them in his chronicles *De Origine et Situ Germanorum*. He called them *Aestiorum gentes*—the Amber fishing Aesti. Excavations prove that the Baltic peoples already inhabited their present domiciles in the bronze age (1500 B.C.). North of the Latvians lived the Finno-Ugric Estonians, Ingrians and Finns; opposite the Latvians, on the Western shores of the Baltic Sea, lived the Swedes; and on the southeastern shores the Danes, the Northern Slavs and the Poles.



A marked analogy indeed exists between the Baltic and the Mediterranean Seas. Both are surrounded by a number of riparian countries. One can speak of Mediterranean as well as of Baltic cycles of civilization. Moreover, there is a certain geopolitical similarity about the two seas: the riparian states are predestined to be the guardians of the respective seas.

The fact that the Baltic states are recognized internationally as the guardians of the Baltic Sea is emphasized by the existence of the Aaland Convention regarding the neutralization and disarmament of these Finnish islands in the Baltic. This multilateral convention was signed as early as October 20, 1921. The signatories were Denmark, Sweden, Finland, Estonia, Latvia, Poland, Germany, Great Britain, France and Italy.

This Convention was followed by the so-called Klaipeda or Memel Convention signed on May 13, 1924, in Paris, and proclaiming the port of Memel to be of international concern.

The multilateral Convention to suppress the smuggling of alcohol in the Baltic was signed on August 19, 1925, by Denmark, Danzig, Estonia, Germany, Finland, Latvia, Lithuania, Norway, Poland, Sweden and Soviet Russia.

On December 31, 1925, Denmark, Estonia, Finland, Latvia, Lithuania, Poland, the Free City of Danzig and Sweden signed the already mentioned Baltic Geodetic Convention.

The freedom of trade and shipping in the Baltic Sea was confirmed by the Conventions of Barcelona (April 20, 1921), of Bern (October 23, 1924), of Geneva (January 31, 1928), and other international transit conventions.

Other problems regarding the Baltic Sea never arose, for when the Baltic was proclaimed open to all shipping, all other problems of this area ceased to be of any importance.

During that period, constructive improvements of communications prevailed. Every riparian state did its best to improve its harbors and railway facilities. They competed for better and cheaper service, based upon the merit system, and not upon political predominance. The result was accurate, efficient and inexpensive shipping and railway transportation and transit.

Latvian and Estonian ports were equipped with the finest elevators and cold-storage plants. A free-port zone was proclaimed in Liepaja (Libau), the biggest Baltic ice-free port. An international shipping-quarantine station was also opened at Liepaja.

The idea of the freedom of the Baltic Sea was instrumental in bringing together the Baltic riparian states for a joint task: to facilitate transit, safeguard Baltic waterways and foster shipping for the common welfare.

The most important problem in Northern Europe always was, and still remains, the freedom of the Baltic Sea and the freedom of the Baltic riparian states—Estonia and Latvia, the key-states of the Baltic. History and geopolitics prove that who dominates Latvia and Estonia dominates not only the Baltic Sea, but is apt also to exercise power over all the North of Europe.

## NAZIS ROB BELGIUM OF ART TREASURES

JEANNETTE HEGEMAN



HOSTAGES, executions, starvation and religious persecution—all of these have been more or less a part of daily life in the Netherlands and Belgium since the Germans came, in May, 1940. Too, there have been thefts of all kinds, but few have affected the unfortunate people of these countries more than the loss of their works of art; for the Nazis have now become collectors of priceless paintings. Why they waited until recent months to accomplish this particular kind of thievery is a conundrum, since all the world knows that Goering has a great liking for the Old Masters. Both he and Hitler have found those owned in the Low Countries most desirable and, if the thefts are continued, these nations will lose all of their masterpieces.

The system employed in stealing the paintings is really very simple. It does not cost these lovers of art even a German *Mark*. All they have to do is to express a desire for this or that famous painting, choose an art connoisseur as chief of the theft squad, and sooner or later the Fuehrer and his fat friend become possessors of the coveted treasures. One cannot help wondering what would happen if both desired the same masterpiece.

Both of these arch-criminals are shrewd in choosing their collectors. Only experts have an opportunity to serve in this capacity. It was one such, Hans Posse, former director of the Dresden Gallery, whom Hitler chose to do an important piece of work in Holland within the past few weeks. The extent of the theft is almost unbelievable. The Dutch people, accustomed as they are to every form of cruelty and lawlessness at the hands of the Nazis, are furious over the loss of their masterpieces. Some of those paintings had hung for hundreds of years in churches, private collections and public buildings in the Netherlands. They were a part of the country and the lives of the people, to whom each week or month brings some new kind of misfortune.

It seems that Hitler has taken time lately to think about his school days in Upper Austria. Linz is the city responsible for his education. As an expression of gratitude to the community that did so much for him, he decided to repay his debt by presenting it with a superb art collection. Where would there be a better or more accessible place to find this than in the Netherlands? The paintings could be considered "donations" to the Reich from the generous Dutch people, who had been so kind in "giving" their beautiful furniture to the invaders.

Accordingly, Hans Posse was summoned to Berlin, and plans were made for the colossal theft. Almost before the Dutch were aware of what was happening, twelve hundred of their treasured paint-

ings, some of them priceless, were taken out of the country. A short time later, Goebbels' newspaper, *Das Reich*, reported this "gift" of the Netherlands in this way: "The German works, except for one by the younger Holbein, are most unimportant; but works by Cranach, Van Dyck, Rubens, Rembrandt and Vermeer, which originated in the racially related Netherlands, give the gallery its character." (The Dutch have been hearing that "racially related" propaganda for nearly three years now. It is regarded as just another of many stinging insults.)

Now Belgium is mourning the loss of the magnificent altarpiece, *Adoration of the Lamb*, which has been handed over to Goering for the adornment of his palatial home. It was a gift from the appeasing Vichy Government to the Reichsmarschal, who is said to have kept track of its whereabouts, through spies, ever since the Nazis marched into Belgium.

This greatest, most extraordinary Flemish painting of all time, was completed in 1432 by the brothers Hubert and Jan van Eyck, for the Saint Bavon Cathedral in Ghent. Twenty panels, with three hundred separate figures, make up this wonderful work of art.

During World War I, two panels of the altarpiece were stolen by the Germans and taken to Berlin. They were called *Wings of the Adoration*, and were displayed in the Berlin Museum for several years. The Versailles Treaty, however, provided for the return of these panels to the Ghent cathedral, where the altarpiece had been a part of a chapel for more than five hundred years. Here it was restored to all its former glory, and was viewed by thousands of visitors during the years of peace. The majesty and beauty of the Flemish masterpiece are such that when travelers from all over the world came to see it, they became silent in their admiration, as before the Sistine Madonna.

This theft is to the Belgians what the loss of the Old Masters is to the people of the Netherlands. The painting symbolized all that was beautiful in Flemish art, and was so much a part of Belgium that it bore the same relation to medieval Ghent as the masterpieces of the Vatican do to Rome.

At the beginning of World War II, the Belgians, remembering well the Huns of the last war, took down their treasured altarpiece and sent it to southwestern France for safe-keeping. The city of Pau, in the Pyrenees Mountains, was considered a spot far enough removed from the Nazi hordes to ensure safety. It remained in the museum of the French city until a few weeks after the Germans occupied Vichy.

Goering, the art connoisseur, knew that the painting was at Pau, and demanded that it be turned over to him. It was Abel Bonnard, Minister of Fine Arts in the Vichy Government, who ordered that the coveted masterpiece be given to the Nazi agents. What the Vichy regime had to do with this crime is a matter of question. It may or may not have known of the theft; but in the light of another grievous matter in which it was to blame, it is reasonable to believe it knew about and acquiesced in this offense, too. Stealing gold instead

of a painting was that other outrage committed against the Belgians by those at Vichy.

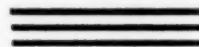
Not long before the shipping of the *Adoration of the Lamb* to Pau, the Belgian Government sent \$230,000,000 worth of gold to the Bank of France to keep it out of German hands, in case the little country was again invaded. When France collapsed, in June, 1940, Belgium ordered the gold to be shipped at once to London. Instead of complying with this order, the Vichy officials sent it to Dakar, where its presence was immediately discovered by the Nazis. With little or no delay, Hitler asked Pétain for the gold. Berlin was its next stop.

Belgians knew about the theft of their gold shortly after the crime was committed, but weeks went by before they learned the fate of the Van Eyck painting. The editor of one of the nation's numerous underground newspapers, *La Libre Belgique*, heard of the second outrage, which seemed unbelievable. He wished to check all sources of information regarding the loss of the altarpiece before reporting it to his countrymen. When that was done, and the information found correct in every detail, some weeks had passed. That is how it happens that the Belgians grieve today over the loss of their treasure.

But, in their grief, they are hopeful that the painting will come back to Ghent some day not too far in the future. It has survived more than five centuries, in spite of sieges, wars and revolutions. They believe that some provision will be made, after this war, for its safe return to Saint Bavon's, where it will again become a treasured part of the Belgian nation.

## CHAPLAIN OF THE MERCHANT MARINE

B. J. FINNEGAN



AT a Merchant Marine Training Station hard by the school where I teach, I have had the privilege these last few week-ends of filling in as Auxiliary Chaplain. There are two grand priests there who are trying manfully to minister to the spiritual needs of thousands of lads in blue. The job entails performing the multifarious chores of a big city parish out of a tiny black bag called a Mass kit. The work must be done to the swing tempo of a training school, with confessions along corridors and behind library shelves, Masses at five in the afternoon, marriages whenever a boy and a girl and a Chaplain can get together for a few minutes in a gunnery classroom. It is quite a normal day to say Mass, swap an alb for a sterile gown, hear some confessions, marry a couple, write to Murphy's parents, arrange Costanza's leave, baptize



Terwilliger and tuck MacGrew in the arms of the Mother of God with the oils of Unction.

I have had some happy meetings at the Station. There is Father Jim Downs, Senior Chaplain, an Irish soggarth of heroic physical proportions who could definitely settle disputes theological by the sober laws of Thomas of Aquin or the livelier ones of the Marquis of Queensbury. It was good to come out of the chalk-dust of a classroom and see this great-bodied son of the Master ply the same holy trade in the clean, salt winds of the Atlantic that Christ inaugurated on the lakeside of Galilee. It is good to see the little gold Cross of Christ glistening above the stripes of Caesar as he strides along.

I have met Jack, Chaplain's yeoman, who is descendant lineally of the spirit of Peter. Jack follows his lieutenant about like a faithful mastiff, with nostrils aflame for some vague danger that only Jack can scent. He escorted me one day to the hospital with the Blessed Sacrament. A reverential silence had been imposed upon Jack by Father Downs, which the lad interpreted so literally that I had to jimmy monosyllabic route directions from him. On the way, a goggle-eyed sentry never completed a half-uttered challenge that was aborted by Jack's salute, which wound up with a finger across his lips.

I met a little bride the other day who was tremendously proud of her embarrassed sailor man. She was only two weeks out of South America, and her tongue stumbled constantly over the sharp syllables of the King's cold English. While the Chaplain read the words for her to repeat, he was at great effort to be distinct. I heard her say after him, "for betta or for waise." A Navy Chaplain who happened to be within earshot, nudged me and asked, "Did she say 'wise'?" I thought she had. "By the heavens," he remarked, "she's been living in Brooklyn just two weeks."

I have met boys who have weighed anchor from the hearthsides of some forty States for the first time. They are youngsters who have deliberately chosen what is perhaps the most dangerous of the service branches. They know they are going to be in the bellies of the convoy boats that will carry the ammunition and the dinner-pails to the fronts. They know they have a fair chance of boiling in flaming oil and sea water when a torpedo stings. They know they will be down among the engines when the bombs scream into the decks. I have placed Jesus Christ, Body and Blood, Soul and Divinity, on their tongues. I think that Christ, who seemed partial to men of the sea when he walked among us, must be very content with these lads. They are in all stages of homesickness, some of them are in love, some of them are baffled and hurt by a big city nearby; but they are tremendously eager to get close to God before they get under way.

About the time I had learned enough nautical etiquette and argot to say "below" instead of "downstairs," and "on deck" for "out on the porch," I began to realize that God had been good to put me among these boys in neat blue uniforms, tilted caps . . . young faces ruddied by ocean winds, and arms ready to pull an oar in their country's name.

## BANKING—NEW STYLE

BANKS are proverbially cold-blooded, but no usual bank announces that it is desirous of your heart's blood, nor are you warned that your deposit will be given away with the least possible waste of time. All this is true of the Bank to which I may now point, with a woman's deeply thankful heart, as "my Bank."

My interest in blood-donating was aroused some few years ago by a short article in the *Irish Digest*, a matter-of-fact description of the method followed in one of the Dublin hospitals; but the emphasis of the author's account was on the spiritual lightness the donor felt after giving his pint of blood.

Braced by the calm dictum, "I see no reason why not," of the doctor who knew by how much I was no longer young, and inspired by the remembrance of a priest's word, "It is a noble thing to do, especially with a supernatural motive," I took my place in the line, forming to the right, at the desk for future appointments at the Blood Donors' Bank.

Of the two men ahead, one could have been cast by a movie director as the typical truck-driver; the other was a quiet colored man, cuddling an extinguished pipe. He spoke in a voice as soft as a southern breeze, so I heard none of his answers to the routine questions; but they were evidently as satisfactory as his desire, for he went away with his appointment card, and so did I.

Keeping in mind the spiritual motive, I had chosen a major Feast Day for my appointment and, having received Holy Communion at an early Mass, I presented myself at the Bank.

In a dressing-room, I slipped into a hospital gown. In the waiting-room, I took a place in a row of chairs. As I slid along to first place, a Nurse's Aid took my temperature. A wise-cracking little man near me was an old hand at the business, "Why I even gave some of my blood to my mother-in-law. Isn't that something?" he demanded. Later, I thought of an answer to that one.

There the procedure is to extend either arm to nurses who sit at a small table with the client between them. While the nurses took my pulse, blood-count and pressure, they continued a conversation concerning shoes.

I was passed. In the line-up just outside the blood-donating room, to the left, sat a man on the young side of middle age, with friendly blue eyes that held a Scandinavian reserve. On the right, a dark-eyed boy, Jewish, I think, for his companion was "Aaron." Both the man and the boy had given their blood before. Unexpectedly, the man on the left disappeared, and a minute later the nurse called "next donor."

On my feet like a Jack-in-the-Box, I stepped into a room filled with hospital beds. Following a signal to an unoccupied one, I lay down and, as the nurse turned away to reach for the instrument, I made the Sign of the Cross.

A joyous feeling of comradeship pervades the out-going room, where we stopped to be given the certificate and donor's button, a symbolic pat on the shoulder by Uncle Sam.

A. T.

IF one fundamental fact is kept steadily in mind, the confusing controversy over the Farm Security Administration assumes a stark, intelligible outline which, in its frightening implications for the nation's future, is calculated to stir men to the depths of their souls. What the Congress of the United States, in its deliberations over FSA, is about to decide, is not the life or death of just another Government agency, but the life or death of an historic democratic ideal. It is preparing to determine whether American agriculture will be based henceforth on the sturdy, self-supporting family-size farm, or on a landless proletariat completely dependent for its subsistence on large one-crop plantations and commercial farms.

On one side in this fateful struggle are the commercial farm organizations, headed by the Farm Bureau Federation, which speak for the upper half of America's five to six million farm families. They have powerful supporters in Congress and strong sympathizers in the Department of Agriculture. The Agricultural Extension Service and the Agricultural Adjustment Administration (AAA) are their creatures.

Opposed to this influential group is the Farmers' Union, which speaks for the low-income farmers—the sharecroppers, tenant farmers, migrants, the "Tobacco Roaders" who struggle for a wretched living on their small sub-standard farms. This group has its supporters in Congress, too. It has a powerful friend in the White House. And it has the Farm Security Administration.

Originally set up in 1934 as the Resettlement Administration to aid these poorest of the poor, FSA has had a tempestuous career. At one time or another, it has been accused of wastefulness, extravagance, utopianism, Communism, and a long list of other crimes and delinquencies. Many of the charges are not, unfortunately, without some substance. For FSA has been frankly experimental. It has had to be, since it has dealt and is dealing with problems which hitherto the country has chosen to ignore. It has made mistakes, of course; some pretty bad ones, in fact. But these mistakes are not the real reason for the continuing opposition to FSA; for great as its mistakes have been, its achievements are greater still. The real reason is a fight for the soul of American agriculture.

The commercial farms of this country need an abundant supply of cheap labor in order to survive. But the FSA is drying up that source of labor—spreading ownership among croppers, tenants, migrants. That is its chief crime. It is pointing a shotgun at the heart of one-crop, commercial farming. If Congress votes to eliminate this Agency, the future of the small farmer in this country may be even more precarious than is the future of the small business man. What that implies for the future of our democracy, is something for the lawmakers to ponder very, very seriously. To demand such a momentous decision under stress of war is hardly a sign of wise statesmanship.

## BOOT-OF-THE-MONTH

WITH consummate maladroitness the leftist critics who saw a subtly vicious attack on Soviet Russia in Aldanov's *Fifth Seal* have succeeded in making the book a best-seller.

The *Daily Worker*, sniffing the reek of heresy in the literary wind, raised the hue-and-cry; Professor Dorothy Brewster, of Columbia University, passed the ammunition; and the hunt was up. Christopher Morley, Dorothy Canfield Fisher, William Allen White and Henry Seidel Canby, who picked the book for the Book-of-the-Month Club, found themselves the center of a "tempest in a samovar."

From the seven seas the National Maritime Union answered the call; from the States, counties and municipalities came the voices of the State, County and Municipal Employees of America; the Book and Magazine Guild was not slow to answer the clarion. Even Hendrik Van Loon jumped on the bandwagon, only to hop off again as soon as he had time to read the book he was protesting against. Most of the others seem to have run without reading.

Lamentably lacking in gallantry was Chief Offender Morley, who, on April 1, sent a telegram to Miss Benedict, President of the Book and Magazine Guild, offering to delete a wholly imaginary passage dealing with a non-existent character. Taking hook, line and sinker, Miss Benedict replied that there were other passages equally objectionable, thereby ranking herself with the runners rather than the readers.

At first sight, of course, we, as Catholics, seem to be laying ourselves open to a charge of throwing bricks from our own little glass-front porch. The prohibition of the *Index*, however, amounts, in practice, to a restriction of certain books to serious students, who have a good reason for reading them—on the principle that "a little learning is dangerous thing." It is not a well-organized attempt to prevent everybody from even seeing the book. Moreover, it is improbable that the editorial dictum of a Catholic newspaper, even if backed up by a University professor, could whip the Catholic societies into line to condemn, sight unseen, a book endorsed by a group of prominent Catholics. Upon what Food of the Gods do they feed at the *Daily Worker* and Columbia, that their words should be so potent?



## HOUSING WITHOUT STRINGS

JEEPS will be harnessed to the plow; London and Coventry will be rebuilt with slums eliminated. In these practical ways the better world that is in the making takes form; and New York City is peering ahead to plan a post-war city and ascertain the place private capital will have in its building.

The announcement that the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, working with the City government, is planning a \$50,000,000 housing project to accommodate 30,000 tenants in medium-rental apartments, is exciting news. First, it gives assurance that local communities, with true American independence, are getting more and more determined to solve their own problems rather than run to the Government with them.

Second, such projects, backed by private capital, have all the chance in the world to avoid the hamstringing and crippling effects of petty politics that have bedeviled Federal housing schemes. Not a few of these have been subjected to Congressional investigations, have been the football of rival parties, have been looked on more as a source of political influence than as a means to alleviate human needs.

This project, presumably, will not be so hampered. It will be able to go ahead speedily and efficiently, there will be no bloc of Southern Senators to protest Negroes dwelling in it, for example; the Metropolitan Life and New York City will be able to offer this far-seeing plan as an example to every other American city of true democratic efficiency and true democratic banning of all discrimination.

Granting that the Government has a job to do in housing that private capital cannot fully swing, it is still true that there is one field of investment that has been strangely overlooked. With the Federal Government thus far practically monopolizing the field of housing and making not too smooth a job of it (witness the recent troubles in Detroit), private capital has fought shy of a golden opportunity.

We echo Mayor LaGuardia's hope that other companies will see the wisdom, for themselves and for the good of the country, of emulating the vision of the Metropolitan Life. Unpolitical private enterprise for the common good—that can go far in saving our post-war economy.

## THE PLAN FOR SPAIN

DO we wish to go to war with Spain? Do we wish to see our armed forces fighting Spanish troops in Morocco? Should Ambassador Hayes be recalled? Is it our intention that General Franco should abandon his neutrality, declare war upon the United States, invite Hitler into the Spanish Peninsula?

Is this the desirable, practical step to take while we are still struggling with the seasoned and entrenched Nazis in Tunisia?

To the above questions you can frame your own answer. The point is we are now being urged openly and enthusiastically to fight Spain. The President and the State Department are being steadily attacked because they refuse to accede to these demands. This is only the beginning of an international campaign, which will be conducted from Mexico and Uruguay as well as from the United States. It is also a pre-view of the domestic battles of 1944, for any weapon comes in handy in an election year, and it is an extremely convenient way of twisting the British Lion's Spain-friendly tail.

The plan is simple. It is adopted in grand style by the Henry Luce publications. *Time* and *Life* and the March of Time film, *Inside Fascist Spain*, are the spearheads, along with the professed liberal or anti-Catholic magazines.

In this film, the seventeen minutes of carefully devised talk are dynamically intended to condition the American mind against Spain and to prepare for a declaration of war. The charge is that Franco and his aides are rampant imperialists, waiting to wage war for the recovery of the Latin-American Republics, saboteurs of the United States' attempt to promote a Good Neighbor policy. The stress is on the continued imprisonment of the Loyalists and the determination to make nasty Fascists out of the children.

It is crude, thumping propaganda to arouse war-like hostility, to abet a new Communist uprising in Spain, and to create a Spanish Government-in-Exile composed of the Marxists and refugees now domiciled in England, the United States and Mexico.

The chief selling point of this propaganda is the notion that a new Axis is being created, with the Vatican, Spain and Portugal as the turning points. Hitler bids fair to become the forgotten man; and once more the Pope looms up as the *real* arch-enemy, just as the Ku-Klux Klan has known all along. *Life* finds "blood-curdling" the Bishops' typical Concordat oath.

There are charges which can be made against the Franco Government. However much we may sympathize with General Franco's difficult position, we may still question whether the summary methods and the mass imprisonments Franco has used for restoring order may not be sowing the seeds of greater disorder later on. Whatever political complications may be alleged on behalf of the Spanish policy, the charge of unnecessary harshness does not seem to have been cleared up with regard to treatment of the Basques, one of the most Catholic populations in the world.

Significantly enough, the abettors of war with Spain manifest no particular solicitude toward Basque sufferers from the Franco regime. In *Time* or *Life*, no photographs appear of the Catholic priests and Religious imprisoned in Carmona jail. They would not serve the purpose of using the Spanish issue as a lever with which to renew old passions of political or ideological propaganda. Even professed anti-Franco sentiments are subject to qualification, when their expression might further what they of all things most abhor, an increase of the prestige and popularity of the Church.

Do those who cry murder against the State Department, because political dissenters, along with criminals are put in prison, intend to create hostility to Russia upon that same basis? Whether or not that is their aim, they are using a very apt means toward that end. If you took a handful of the *Life* pictures of Soviet Russia and the *Time-Life* pictures of Franco Spain, and merely switched around the captions and accompanying text, an ample supply of pro-Franco and anti-Soviet propaganda would be at your disposal.

Once the principle is adopted that hostilities must be whipped up because of internal political grievances, the Anti-Comintern Pact will be served quite as readily as will the new *Centro Republicano* to be formed in Mexico; for grievances a-plenty are found behind every totalitarian border.

Despite the fact that diplomatic relations between Poland and the Soviet Union are still maintained, and that actual negotiations concerning rights of citizens are still continuing, the Soviet Government is evidencing that it intends by forcible methods to coerce 1,500,000 starving Poles into the Soviet totalitarian system. All relief work organized for the Poles in Russia by the American Bishops' Committee, by the Polish-American Brotherhood and by various American Catholic and Jewish groups is to be disrupted. Despite such intolerable provocations against any ordinary sense of justice, neither the State Department nor the Pope nor any reasonable person wishes to advocate war with Russia. But the Pope lays down the guarantees of basic human rights as fundamental in forming any agenda for the postwar order. What any nation or group will violently demand for itself and jealously ignore or refuse for others, the Pope demands shall be impartially established for all men without any exception of nationality, race, creed, color or other classification. With immovable constancy, he insists there is no peace unless this principle is universally accepted; and no nation can consider itself an exception to the rule.

If the war-with-Spain abettors are permitted to have their way, in sabotaging the spiritual unity of the United Nations, all part that our country can play in obtaining such guarantees will be sacrificed to that selfishness which Pearl Buck so scathingly characterizes as "our longing to retreat into irresponsibility." Religious-minded men and women in this country have raised a standard of justice and international amity to which all peoples can repair. We shall not permit anti-religious and anti-human hatred to wrest it from our hands.

## MAY DAY PARADE

MAY DAY in Moscow does not furnish the copy today that it did a few years ago. We do not need to travel to Red Square to hear columns of tanks rumbling over the pavement with fleets of planes roaring overhead. These are commonplaces that you can see on any thoroughfares in this country. Any nation that would start world-conquering today without this apparatus would be scorned.

But the Apostle Saint John tells us on Low Sunday that we can conquer the world without any May Day parade of troops and armament. In fact, he says, the victory has been won, and all we need is to share in the triumph. Not what is made in Willow Run or Piccatinny Arsenal does the job, but "all that is born of God overcomes the world; and this is the victory that overcomes the world, our faith." (I John, v, 4-5.)

After all the destruction is wrought, and all the armies have had their say, the final victory in the present conflict will be gained, not by arms or diplomacy or science, but by the deep faith in the Son of God possessed and lived by millions of humble believing men and women throughout the world. Their conquest or "overcoming" will not be a mere check upon bloodshed and violence, nor will it be a mere widespread intellectual conviction, and training in virtuous habits. It will be a radical frustration of the forces of hate and malice in the world; it will be a reconquest of man's natural dignity, which the Creator has destined for him. And it will be his supernatural deliverance and his restoration to fellowship in the future glory of the Resurrection.

During the twenty years that succeeded the first World War, hundreds of thousands of arable acres of land were won back by the eternal diligence of the French and Belgian peasants who returned to the battlefields, removed the mines and duds, cleared away the barbed-wire, leveled and ploughed and harrowed and sowed. Where a few years ago huge craters had made the Marne fields look like the naked surface of the moon, at the end of that epoch waved hillsides of green wheat and barley.

The second World War will have left a devastation in human minds and emotions worse than any craters along the Aisne and Marne. Only through faith can those chasms be filled, can shattered personalities be built anew, and the seeds of hope and love be sown.

Faith, the key to eternal life, can be rejected. It is man's free return to God of what He has freely given, and not all the doubters have the straightforward and generous nature of a Thomas. But the faith of those who, like Thomas, still hold, will be unconquerable. It will rise up from below, and it will flow in from the uttermost parts of the earth, from New Guinea and China and Siberia, and it will re-create the war-devastated image of God. It is the job for each of us now to do our part to start this conquering tide in motion. There is mightier ammunition in an old-fashioned Church May procession in a country village than in all the glitter of Red Square.



# LITERATURE AND ARTS

## POETS' ROUND TABLE

ARTHUR MacGILLIVRAY

**YOUNG POET:** I have trouble with understanding just what the critics want to see in a poem, and that is why I have gathered so many of you here today. Some of you may remember the critic's letter to a poet which read: "Many thanks for the volume of your poems you have sent me. Though I had never seen any of your compositions before, they are already old friends—that is, I like them but I see through them. Yours cordially, etc." Well, I want to know how a poem should not be an old friend. Who will help me out?

**Mary M. Colum:** I think a poem should be exquisitely shaped, having the best words in the best order, and expressing the thing overheard and not the thing heard.

**Y. P.:** That sounds vaguely familiar.

**Francis X. Connolly:** These are the things I like in a book of poems: variety of theme, frank lyricism, transparent honesty, innocence of purpose, engaging familiarity of tone, simplicity and artistic smoothness.

**Reuel Denney:** That's something to aim at. A good poem, I believe, must be one which, among things, discloses experience with something like the intensity of a geometric series. Or it is like the final bet of a man who has wagered all his previous winnings in an increasing snowball.

**Y. P.:** You may have something there, but I don't—

**Irwin Edman:** Maybe I can help you, even though my special field is philosophy. I like straightforward evocations of things, places and moods by a modern mind with a gift for feeling and epithet and music, and for the living essence of the English poetic tradition.

**John Gould Fletcher:** I should define poetry as a steady attempt to shape the order of hard fact into the very different order of fact transfused by the human imagination.

**Irwin Edman:** That is well said, Mr. Fletcher. I should like to add that poetry contains an idea that is conjured up in the economy of an apt, surprising image, and the intensity of a communicated pulse-beat.

**Louis Forster, Jr.:** It should be composed of nerve and sinew, in execution no less than conception. Does that help you?

**Y. P.:** I begin to see what you mean.

**Louis Forster, Jr.:** In other words, I want a poem to express a genuine reaction to a definite reality.

**Paul Goodman:** It is putting the same idea into different words, I suppose, but there should be an

intimate mutual probability of the thought, structure, diction and feeling.

**Horace Gregory:** I like poems which represent the concise and direct expression of our generation.

**Y. P.:** I suppose that is all helpful. But let us hear from some of you critics at the other end of the table. What would you say are the requirements for a poet?

**Louise Bogan:** There are three requirements of a poet's nature: 1) an eye that sees, 2) a mind with the power of judging and 3) a feeling heart.

**Ruth Lechlitner:** Well said, Miss Bogan. I write for the *Herald-Tribune*, but that doesn't prevent me from tossing a posy or two. I like a poet with technical mastery, fastidious wit, intellectual sensibility and a gift of creative scholarship—one who has meticulous observations of natural objects, exquisitely set in a framework of associations and agreeing differences.

**Marion Strobel:** Well, I'll be more simple and say that I like a poet who loses himself successfully in sound and imagery.

**Ruth Lechlitner:** I can state things simply too, if you like. Give me the poet who can see what is alive and real, what is dead or dying, who can record what he sees in terms that are simple, vital and recognizable to a contemporary.

**Marion Strobel:** Now, that *doesn't* sound like Mari-  
anne Moore.

**Mary M. Colum:** Come, let us not descend to personalities. As for me, I like a poet with a good sense of form, emotional power, music, one who is not long-winded.

**Roberta Teale Swartz:** And I believe that it is the office of the real poet to translate the moment, to interpret the life, our place on the planet and our home in the spirit, to let the *long view* into the minds of the panic-stricken.

**Dorothy Ulrich:** Even though that sounds like the title of a Genevieve Taggard book, I like what you say, Miss Swartz. But you want some requirements in a poet? Well, I find these marks distinctive: plasticity of technique, clarity of image, affirmative strength and flexibility of thought.

**Babbette Deutsch:** This particular discussion being all-feminine, I'd like to have the last word. I like a poet who can pack his language tightly. That's all—for now.

**Y. P.:** Yes, let us hear from some of you men critics. What would you say, Mr. Abel?

**Lionel Abel:** I like brilliant combinations of assonance and dissonance, causing words to attract and repel each other, to rub, jostle, couple in exasperated alliterative intensity, until the harsh rhythm rends them violently apart.

**Conrad Aiken:** Talking about words, I like the born language-lover and language-juggler, the poet with an unmistakable genius for the affective values of

language and prosody, who has the air, like a necromancer, of keeping a thousand words on the wing at once.

*R. P. Blackmur:* I suppose that I'm in the wrong company when I say that I advocate the use of unfamiliar words as a justifiable and necessary poetic device.

*Harvey Breit:* I haven't anything now to say on that point, but I believe that there should be a pressure of words acting on one another which derives from experiencing something about some thing.

*John Holmes:* Yes, that is true, and I would add that the deepest and simplest essence of good poetry is that it brings suggestion and emotion never found specifically in the words, and that this overtone is present because the poet plays on his native language as on an instrument of numberless strings, stops and echoes.

*Ruth Lechlitner:* May I inject a feminine note in this discussion? I should say to our young poet here that if you have an unusual feeling for words, then your observations will stick.

*Y. P.:* Like Keats, you mean?

*Ruth Lechlitner:* Exactly, like Keats.

*John Frederick Nims:* There is a danger present, and I should warn you not to use words so well that the reader will be aware of the way in which they are used instead of being aware of the reality with which the poem is concerned. And then another thing, prefer one hard word to four or five soft ones. We are writing in 1943, not 1819. In other words, get more iron and less plush into your diction.

*Winfield Townley Scott:* If you want some more advice along that line, I'd say beware of phrase-whacking.

*Y. P.:* And what do you mean by that?

*Winfield Townley Scott:* Don't beat phrases too worn and thin to contain poetic energy.

*Y. P.:* Thank you very much, Mr. Scott. Now I believe that some of you other critics haven't had a chance to say very much. What about the question of intelligibility in a poem?

*R. P. Blackmur:* I don't like private language, free association, or whatever else you want to call it.

*John Gilland Brunini:* Time and time again I have deplored the private functioning of the cultists.

*Thomas C. Chubb:* Exactly. A poet will not be read if the prospective reader must spend too much time in solving puzzles, in deciphering a private shorthand. I have no use for poets who are afraid to make their poems too lucid.

*William Rose Benét:* I think we all agree with you there. I always demand literacy and direct intelligibility in a work.

*Leonard Feeney, S.J.:* My dear young poet, you will be clear if you put mystery in your theme rather than in your method.

*David Morton:* My preferences are clarity and strength and beauty.

*Marion Strobel:* I agree with you there. I like clarity and strength and a healthy humor. That's not the same as beauty, but I don't exclude that either.

*Arthur Kevin Smith:* Yes, I like poets who are eminently intelligible, who see familiar things in an old and in a new way and who let us see them, too.

*Eda Lou Walton:* And if the poet doesn't let us see them, it is because he confuses image and idea. Obscurity in some poets is due to a lack of poetic ability, a lack of any intuitive grasp of life.

*Y. P.:* Well, the woman has the last word again. Is there anything else you would like to say?

*Eda Lou Walton:* I have a distraction.

*Y. P.:* Yes, what is it?

*Eda Lou Walton:* It is not what Mr. Smith said about intelligibility. I agree with him there. But I believe that there is a point on which we disagree.

*Y. P.:* Yes, yes, Miss Walton, what is it?

*Eda Lou Walton:* Well, it's on the subject of imitating other poets.

*Y. P.:* What did you say, Mr. Smith?

*Arthur Kevin Smith:* I believe that I said somewhere—yes, it was in these columns in AMERICA—I was reviewing a book of poems by Robert Francis and he reminded me of Robert Frost—not in the sound of the names especially, but in the tone of the poems.

*Eda Lou Walton:* That isn't all he said.

*Arthur Kevin Smith:* I said that there is no harm in imitating an established poet if you can do it well. I thought that Robert Francis did it well.

*Eda Lou Walton:* And I say this:—don't echo the voices of other and better poets. Because, if you do, you will sound like string quartette performances of music once arranged for full orchestra—very lovely and a little thin.

*Y. P.:* Well, before we get into disagreements of any nature, let us try to see what we can agree upon. Mr. Connolly, did you want to say something?

*Francis X. Connolly:* For a long while now, ever since my undergraduate days at Fordham, I have been bewailing the sense of incertitude and fundamental lack of direction in many poets. I was wondering whether any of my colleagues here agree with my position.

*John Frederick Nims:* That is an excellent stand to take. I have always held that poetry must be rooted. It is not rooted when it is at one remove from reality. And that's what I teach the lads at Notre Dame.

*Peter Monro Jack:* In my reviews for the New York Times I have said about the same thing. A poet should possess a sound core, a center of life.

*Robert Penn Warren:* I too have continually found fault with poetry that suffers from an intellectual confusion at its center.

*Stanley J. Kunitz:* Yes, when a poet's work expresses a fixed position in relation to himself, to the materials of his experience, and to society at large, his critique is already half written; the poems, like filings under a magnet, make a design in relation to one another, and the design is self-explanatory.

*Y. P.:* I think that will be enough for now. If you are willing, we shall continue this discussion at a later date.



---

## OUR LOVER TO CALVARY

Lift not your heart this day, but let it go  
Deep down and down, whither the Saviour turns  
Like leaf in whirlpool, and a rumor churns  
Love into hate . . . His own will have Him know  
Innocence needing testament is show,  
Scorn is the sole acclaim submission earns,  
Helplessness should be whipped!

Still that Heart yearns,  
Still the encrimsoning robe speaks lover's woe,  
Still inward burns on that bruised cheek the kiss  
Given to usher in our long day's wooing,  
Still He takes ministry, and wears the crown,  
And goes before. Still His eyes longing miss  
Through all their tears His love; still is He swing.  
Reach out, my heart, go down and deeper down.

SISTER MARGARET TERESA

## POEM: 1943

A mighty victory it must be—  
A sun-change must ensue  
That girl of seventeen is dead  
And boy of twenty-two.

Heaven must be the newer world,  
October leaf show green,  
That for it died the still young boy,  
The girl of seventeen.

The vultures all must turn to larks,  
Ghetto and slum to song  
That boy and girl lie cold in death  
To prove that steel is strong.

TOM BOOGS

## HEAVEN AND EARTH

Peter, Peter, brother mine,  
Down to me your head incline,  
Listen how the cock still crows  
And the Lord in anguish goes.

Though you cried in fierce dismay  
"I know Him not!" and hid away,  
Tears upon your rugged face  
Brought Him solace, brought you grace.

Peter, in your heavenly stall,  
Think again of Caiaphas' hall  
Where the Lord in His distress  
Looked at you with tenderness;

Silenced then your swearing tongue  
As with grief your heart was wrung—  
Never since the world began  
Fell such tears from any man!

Peter, like a brother be  
Mindful of my poverty,  
Let me share your tears, your pain—  
Bend down to earth and weep again.

SARA MAYNARD

## MAY IN EIRINN

(attributed to Finn MacCumhal)

May-day! supernal time!  
The varied colors stay,  
And where there's edge of light,  
The blackbird rounds his lay.

And there is one abroad,  
That bird of dusty hue,  
That calls and flies and calls,  
"All, May-time, welcome you!"

The haze is on the lake,  
And where the swallows skim  
One hears the rushes talk,  
The quagmire suck its rim.

And look! The white bogdown  
Now weakly lifts its head  
Where, like the raven's coat  
Wide, far, the bog is spread.

The sea is smooth these times,  
The ocean tides are lulled;  
The deer makes sudden start;  
The blossoms fill the wold.

The stillness that's on all!  
But there's a harp of might,  
The forest in the breeze:  
The colors range the height.

The sail is far away,  
But seen: a strenuous bard,  
The corncrake in deep grass  
Makes much of his one word.

Bees load themselves from blooms;  
The kine go up the hill,  
Dry mud upon their flanks;  
The ants have all they will.

And in the clear-skyed month  
Man comes into his own;  
The maiden in fair pride  
Buds, and her beauty's known.

On men a longing comes  
Horses to mount and ride,  
And on the horses, too,  
To take their mettled stride.

And to the pool below  
A virgin with a chant,  
The lofty waterfall  
Welcomes the visitant.

The water-flag is gold  
Where shaft of light strikes down,  
And high, above us all,  
A singing fellow's gone,

The lark. And all are told  
Now is the season's prime,  
Welcome, that songster shrills,  
May-day, supernal time!

translated by PADRAIC COLUM

## 1500 YEARS AGO

IT SHOULD BE NOTED how astonishingly providential was St. Augustine's appearance at that particular moment of history. He was born in North Africa in 354. He was converted in September 386 and baptised at the age of 33 during the Easter of 387. He was made a priest in 391, the year before Theodosius became sole ruler of the whole Empire, and a bishop in 396, the year after Theodosius's death left the way wide open to the Barbarians. He wrote the *CONFESSIONS* in 399, having then been twelve years a Catholic and three years a bishop.

He began his greatest work *THE CITY OF GOD* as a consequence of the Sack of Rome in 410, as a reply to the Pagans who attributed the catastrophe to the anger of the old gods against Christianity. He died in 430 (two years before St. Patrick came as apostle to Ireland) while the Vandals were actually besieging his episcopal city of Hippo.

His immediate work against the Donatists, Manichees and Pelagians, great as it was, is as nothing compared to his function in the whole history of mankind. "He was, to a far greater degree than any emperor or barbarian war-lord, a maker of history and a builder of the bridge which was to lead from the old world to the new." (Christopher Dawson in *St. Augustine and His Age*.)

The Barbarian invasion meant two great severances; in culture it threatened the thousand year old Classical tradition, with which the new rulers had no hereditary contact; in religion it cut off the Western Church from the Eastern—the hierarchical breach was not to come finally for centuries, but the old closeness was at an end: and this mattered immensely, for it was in the East that the great theological thinking had been done.

Augustine prevented both severances—the severance of Western Europe from the Classical Tradition, the severance of the Western Church from its intellectual sources. In himself he summed up and by his prestige gave to the new Europe all that was richest in the Classics: "The course of studies which St. Augustine had described in his treatise *On Christian Doctrine* became the programme of the monastic schools." (Christopher Dawson as above.)

And in him the Western Church produced its first towering intellect—and indeed its last for another six hundred years. Just that one man, just when he was wanted. The great German non-Catholic scholar Harnack says: "It would seem that the miserable existence of the Roman Empire in the West was prolonged until then only to permit Augustine's influence to be exercised on universal history."

What he was to mean for the future can only be indicated. All the men who had to bring Europe through the six or seven centuries that followed fed upon him. We see Pope Gregory the Great at the end of the sixth century reading and re-reading the *Confessions*. We see the Emperor Charlemagne at the end of the eighth century using the *City of God* as a kind of Bible.

As Christopher Dawson has said: "To the materialist nothing could be more futile than the spectacle of Augustine busying himself with the reunion of the African church and the refutation of the Pelagians, while civilization was falling about his ears. It would seem like the activity of an ant which works on while its nest is being destroyed. But St. Augustine saw things otherwise. To him the ruin of civilization and the destruction of the Empire were not very important things. He looked beyond the aimless and bloody chaos of history to the world of eternal realities." (*Ibid*)

If you wonder why that one man should have been able to send his message as far as we have seen that Augustine sent his, read the *Confessions* and find the sort of man he was. FJS

\**THE CONFESSIONS OF ST. AUGUSTINE*, Complete in XIII Books, Translated by F. J. Sheed, 354 Pages, Price \$3.00  
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\*Note: A preliminary and abridged version of this translation was published in 1942 as a volume in the Catholic Masterpieces Tutorial Series.

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## BOOKS

### LOVE WITHOUT SACRIFICE

*THE LAST OF SUMMER.* By Kate O'Brien. Doubleday, Doran and Co. \$2.50

AS always, Miss O'Brien gives us, in her latest novel, another exquisite bit of writing. Of living novelists, I would be inclined to vote her very near the top as a stylist. Her language is full and mellow—it is prose with a body and with grace. The story to which this prose is wedded in this volume is not quite so profound nor moving as was her *Land of Spices*, but it is a story worth the reading.

It is, preeminently, a study of maternal possessiveness. Angèle, daughter of Tom Kernahan and a French mother and, like her mother, an actress, comes back to Ireland to visit her father's home. Tom, the wanderer, had been more or less disowned by the family, and Angèle finds a welcome that is impeccable, gracious, but a little aloof and chilly. At least, where she thought really to have been welcomed, by her aunt Hannah, she finds a subtle antagonism, for the aunt recognizes the girl as a threat to the gentle tyranny she exercises over the home, and in particular over Tom, her eldest son.

Both Tom and Martin, his younger brother, fall deeply in love with Angèle, who reciprocates with Tom. But Hannah has her sweetly insidious ways to keep Tom and send Angèle back to Paris on a last-minute visit before the fall of France. Tom accompanies her, unable to stand Ireland's neutrality and determined to enlist in the French army. There the story ends, with Hannah the winner, though Angèle apparently avenges her father's memory by taking another Kernahan away from Ireland.

The psychological aspects are excellently done. The story is not morbid, nor is the unfolding of Hannah's selfishness disgusting. It is a study too delicately done for that—the study of how love that refuses sacrifices can degenerate into mere possessiveness. Hannah is superbly drawn, as is Angèle. The minor characters, too, have lineaments of their own, particularly Uncle Corney and Jo, Hannah's daughter who is to enter the convent. If it be something of a refutation of the charge, occasioned by the *Land of Spices*, that Miss O'Brien is not too sympathetic to nuns, it may be said that Jo is the sanest, best balanced and, in many ways, the most attractive character in the book.

There is a bit of a note of sarcasm when the author refers to the clergy, and I imagine that many readers will be up in arms about it. Let it be said, however, that there is no irreverence. Indeed, the pathetically winning character of Bernard, the idiot priest, gives a sort of crazily somber foundation of spiritual reality to the whole tale.

There is not much of the traditional gayety of Irish life in the story, which makes us rather agree with a recent observation in Horwill's column in the New York Times Book Section (April 18), that "modern Irish novels tend to be moody, violent and uneasy in form." At least, this novel is moody, if not violent; its form is definitely at ease under a master craftsman.

The pace is fast, with the world teetering on the brink of war adding an importunate background to the mounting emotions. The customs and culture of this Irish family will come as a revelation to many readers, who can imagine no other Ireland save the one of tumbledown shacks of Athlone, quaint and kind-hearted peasants and clay pipes.

The book is commended for its distinguished writing, for a penetrating story well told. It will take a mature reader, however, to appreciate it.

HAROLD C. GARDINER



## HUMANISTIC SOCIOLOGY

**MORALITY AND THE SOCIAL ORDER.** By Ludwig Ruland, D.D. (Translated from the German by T. A. Rattler, O.S.A.) B. Herder Book Co. \$2.50

THIS welcome completion of the author's trilogy on Pastoral Theology looks at first glance like another tailor-made manual. But one taste of Dr. Ruland's style of treatment of a topic ("Friendship" will do) lures the reader to settle down for more of the same diet. Traditional topics gain from being handled with exceptionally shrewd judgment and deep historical insight. Reel by reel, by drawing upon his wide acquaintance with literature, he infuses life into the rather unpromising headings of justice and law, patriotism and war, and the various economic questions of property, money, interest, and the just price.

The author also introduces and treats very well such new topics as the moral issues of tolerance, anti-Semitism (mostly historical), advertising, and the allocation of authority in marriage when one partner wishes to emigrate from the fatherland. The few pages devoted to "Man and Woman in Society" are a gem of balanced appraisal with full allowance for changing sociological folkways. Dr. Ruland deserves great credit for his critical observations on the applied Christian moral philosophy of the State, for their direct bearing on contemporary political practices could not be missed by any knowing reader, and least of all by those to whom this volume was addressed.

Unfortunately, German Catholic political philosophers do not embrace the common doctrine of "the consent of the governed" as the moral foundation of political authority. Even in treating of marriage the role of consent is somewhat obscured. But this inadequacy in no wise impedes the author's purpose of providing a humanistic study of the whole range of socio-moral problems as they present themselves today in their multiform historical context. The book deserves a wide public.

ROBERT C. HARTNETT, S.J.

## PROCRUSTEAN CRITICISM

**THE MENACE OF THE HERD.** By Francis Stuart Campbell. The Bruce Publishing Co. \$4

HERE is a book which will evoke loud cheers, and equally loud disagreements, and from the same reader. When he agrees, he will agree emphatically, and when he disagrees, he will disagree just as violently. It is that kind of book.

With an extraordinarily wide knowledge of modern and ancient literature in most known languages, the author settles everything, from the comic strip to World War II. His book is at bottom an attack on modern democracy and a defense of aristocracy in government. True, he usually puts "democracy" in quotes, and prefers to call it "ochlocracy" (mob rule). He is aware of the distinction between Rousseauan democracy and the American brand, and the former comes in for most of his hard knocks. Yet, and this is the only disingenuous note in the book, the American brand is implicitly condemned as strongly as the other, for he becomes a little "diplomatic," writing for American readers. It is to be feared that his preconceived theories inhibit him from really understanding the American brand, for it is a "third something" which does not fit in with them.

The reader is in for some surprises. Communism and Hitlerism are rejected for the same reason: they are the logical developments of democracy. The New Deal is defended ("timely, necessary, just, and also politically expedient"), for the reasons that it creates an expert bureaucracy and that President Roosevelt is an agrarian aristocrat. Germany is defended in the first World War, condemned in the second. Anthony Eden is the real author of the Axis. Government by laymen is no good, government by experts is good. And a hundred others, as his philosophy dictates.

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It is a philosophy of antitheses: herdism vs. romanticism, identitarianism vs. diversity, equality vs. liberty, individualism vs. personalism, civilization vs. culture and two dozen others. (There is a list of them early in the book.) Everything without exception belongs either on one side or the other with bewildering exactness. I find a clue to this in the subtitle: "Procrustes at Large." What he has against democracy is that, like Procrustes, it tailors everything to the sameness of the masses. In other words, the author is a Procrustean himself, and cannot abide a rival. As he says on page 172: "The German delights in the fact that one idea or ideology penetrates every domain of human activity." This book is a heroic exercise in that belief, but in the course of it many truths have to be cut off or lengthened out to fit the ideology. Hence it abounds in doubtful generalizations and exaggerations: "Only tiny minorities have real convictions"; "A cultured man cannot possibly live in room 6489 on the sixty-fourth floor of a house on the corner of 109th Street and 10th Avenue"; etc., etc.

He does prove that continental Europe will never be happy or safe under what passes for democracy there, but it is doubtful if monarchy is the cure. I am afraid he identifies theories with institutions, as unfortunately did so many of his kind. He would do better, in the second volume which he promises, to show us how the Catholic idea can transform the changes that have already taken place. Many of his pages reveal an amazing insight into the troubles of the modern world, and he is genuinely Catholic in his allegiances. Also, he is not without humor, as witness his choice of a Scottish name for a pseudonym.

WILFRID PARSONS

SAINT CHARLES BORROMEO. *By the Most Reverend Cesare Orsenigo.* B. Herder Book Co. \$4

BACK in 1908 there was founded in Milan, Italy, a Catholic monthly whose purpose was to prepare the citizens to celebrate worthily the tercentenary of the canonization of the city's great Archbishop, Saint Charles Borromeo. This monthly was edited by Don Achille Ratti, who was later to become Pius XI, and among his collaborators was young Don Cesare Orsenigo, the present Apostolic Nuncio to Germany, who contributed to each issue an article dealing with some phase of the Saint's life. These articles were later published in book form, and Father Rudolph Kraus now presents a well-executed translation of that book to the American public.

These sketches, of course, were never intended to be a scientific history of the Saint, and for the professional historian they will, therefore, be of but slight value. Despite the lapse of thirty-five years, however, they remain surprisingly up-to-date, and they retain all their original value as spiritual reading. The clergy, especially, will find much to interest and edify them in these sketches of a model priest and Bishop whose zeal in restoring ecclesiastical discipline contributed so much to the success of the Catholic Counter-Reformation.

JOHN J. HEALY, S.J.

THE ROAD TO SAN JACINTO. *By L. L. Foreman.* E. P. Dutton and Co. \$2.50

ADVENTURE, excitement, romance and mystery are crowded into these pages. The history from which this story is written is glimpsed in a vague, sketchy manner, and yet it is sufficient to endow the tale with the force of convincing reality. Though Sam Houston and Davey Crockett stalk through this narrative along with the infamous General Antonio Lopez al Santa Anna, it is a strange Mr. Dain who arrests and holds our attention.

Set upon in the darkness, Mr. Dain is deprived of his sight and his memory. He is rescued by Cleo, a bit of female mystery, and together they flee from place to place seeking safety. Dain's sight is restored, though his memory is still elusive. They join Davey Crockett en route to Texas and trouble. Later they are joined by Suela Caerlie, daughter of Colonel Duncaerlie of Santa Anna's forces. In their company is an old Indian who is destined to play an important, but disappointing, part in solving Dain's mystery. The fall of the Alamo and



the later rout of the Mexicans at Vince's Bridge are interestingly described. Cleo is shot and ultimately (and conveniently) dies, having first declared herself a slave to Dain. The Indian, too, meets his end on the pinnacle of a burning church—not, however, before solving the mystery of Dain's identity.

It is unfortunate that the author, having splendidly sustained the suspense of his story, resorts to mesmerism to find a solution. It is an extremely weak solution, which causes an otherwise good story to flatten out.

However, it ends on a pleasant note, when Dain Galway, alias Mr. Dain, returns to the ranch of Suela Caerlle and, we are led to believe, to a life of wedded bliss.

JOSEPH R. N. MAXWELL

**THE SEA IS SO WIDE.** By Evelyn Eaton. Harper and Bros. \$2.50

THE story of the deportation of the peaceful Acadians from Nova Scotia in the middle of the eighteenth century is known chiefly through the poem *Evangeline*. This novel tells the tragic story again in an artistic, fictional form which is as deeply moving to the adult reader as *Evangeline* has been to generations of adolescent readers.

Evelyn Eaton tells her story of the Acadians chiefly through the experiences of one of the earliest pioneering families—the Comeaus—who were torn away from their comfortable home, separated and scattered. The cruel treatment of this family and of all their neighbors reminds the reader that simple, good people are made to suffer greatly not only in the time of Hitler but in any age when political ambition, blind nationalism and intense selfishness are found among the powerful.

*The Sea Is So Wide* is a book written for mature readers, but it can be recommended without qualification to any readers who are old enough to find it of interest to them.

RUTH BYRNS

**RING FINGER.** By Louise Redfield Peattie. E. P. Dutton and Co. \$2.50

RING FINGER is the story of a night-club dancer, Folly Malony, who lived with her step-father, Flip, a sleight-of-hand artist "with more charm than character and even more heart than charm." The story opens rather inauspiciously when a San Francisco night-club is raided and its operators are arrested; from there on, the book deals with Folly and her family and friends, most of them very decent people. Folly herself is admirable as well as lovable; Breck is a man of violent passions, but he struggles to restrain them and he is essentially loyal and faithful to his obligations; Bianca, his wife, sins gravely against him, but admits her guilt and bravely accepts its consequences.

The ups-and-downs of Folly's career and the tangled family relationships that make up her background throw her into many widely different phases of life; her life with Flip is one of uncertainty and poverty; her short stay at the Aldine farm brings sanctuary and peace, of a sort; the brief interlude in the home of her aristocratic great-aunt gives her a taste of culture and refinement; Spencer Terrill gives her the hope of having with him, after the war, a life of happiness and wealth.

There are unusually fine descriptions of the lonely Aldine farm, the sounds of the Pacific beating on its shores, the sense of desolation and yet of restrained fury permeating the house and the atmosphere about it.

MARY L. DUNN

WILFRID PARSONS is Professor of Political Science at The Catholic University of America.

JOSEPH R. N. MAXWELL is President of Holy Cross College, Worcester, Mass. He did his graduate work in English at Fordham.

RUTH BYRNS is associate Professor of Education and director of Teacher Training at Fordham University.

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ONLY one performance was allotted to *Siegfried*, the third opera of the immense *Ring of the Nibelungen*, at the Metropolitan Opera this season. By referring to three other AMERICA issues, January 9, March 20 and April 3, the reader will find a short libretto and the tracing of leading musical themes.

In this final column on Richard Wagner's "Ring," let us glance at the story and *Leitmotifs* of *Siegfried*. Twenty years have elapsed, during which the young Siegfried has been reared by Mime, the Nibelung smith. We last saw Mime smarting under Alberich's whip in *Das Rheingold*. Siegfried tries to forge the broken pieces of Siegmund's sword, left him by his mother, Sieglinde. Wotan appears disguised as "The Wanderer," and warns Mime that the sword will be forged by a man who knows not fear. Siegfried proves to be this man after heroic labors at the forge.

"Siegfried the Joyful," one of the principal *Leitmotifs* of this opera, is also repeated in the sunset music of *Götterdämmerung*. Three other principal melodies heard in *Siegfried* are "Mime," first introduced in Scene Two of *Das Rheingold*, "The Forest Bird," and "Protecting Fire," reminiscent of Act three in *Die Walküre*.

New musical themes heard in Act One are "Siegfried the Impetuous," "The Wanderer," "Siegfried's Mother," and "Siegfried's Labors." The *Leitmotif* "Dance and Flicker of Fire," heard here, is prominent in all of the Ring operas.

During the three scenes of Act Two, Alberich is on guard at the cave of Fafnir who is now a dragon, and is guarding the Nibelung's gold. Alberich threatens Wotan that he will recover the Ring and become lord of the world. Wotan appears unmoved. Siegfried slays the dragon and, having tasted of its blood, he now understands the voice of the Forest Bird, who warns him against Mime. Siegfried also slays Mime, and is then led to Brünnhilde's rock, where we left her sleeping and surrounded by fire, in the last act of *Die Walküre*.

The beautiful Siegfried Idyll ("Forest Murmurs") is introduced only in Act Two. "Brooding Jealousy" brings back the last scene of *Das Rheingold*. Other themes heard in Act Two are, "The Forest Bird," "Siegfried's Mother," "The Volsung Line," reminding us of Act One of *Die Walküre*, also Act Three of *Götterdämmerung*, and "Siegfried the Superman," heard also in Act Three of *Die Walküre*, and Act One and the *Finale* of *Götterdämmerung*.

Wotan seeks Erda's advice on world politics in Act Three. He tells her that he has resigned himself to the New Order. Siegfried breaks Wotan's spear, thus establishing it. He then advances to Brünnhilde's rock, awakens her, and is her hero.

Other enchanting themes woven into the *Finale* are, "Ecstasy," "Brünnhilde, the Joy of Siegfried's Life," "Brünnhilde's Love Song," "Fate," suggestive of Acts Two and Three of *Die Walküre*, and Act Three of *Götterdämmerung*. "Serene Love" is repeated again in Act One of *Götterdämmerung*.

It would seem that Wagner wrote more melodically for high voice. The Brünnhilde, Sieglinde and Siegfried roles are good examples, in opposition to the lower voices of Wotan, Erda and Fricka, who sing so much recitative. All of these roles require physical specimens that have voices of great volume, really two voices in one. This was the first time that Helen Traubel sang the Brünnhilde in *Siegfried* on any stage. She has all of the Wagnerian requirements, as does Lauritz Melchior, the best Siegfried of our time. Mime, as portrayed by Karl Laufkoetter, was excellent. In fact his characterizations were superb throughout the "Ring." This was Friederich Schorr's farewell performance at the Metropolitan. He sang Wotan.

ANNABEL COMFORT



# THEATRE

**TOMORROW THE WORLD.** We have another hit, and a big one, on the New York stage. This time it is *Tomorrow The World*, by James Gow and Arnaud d'Usseau. That's a bad title for a very dramatic and unusual play. Indeed, its difference from other stage offerings is striking. While it must be, and is, superbly acted throughout, its chief and best actor is an eleven-year-old youngster who is probably furnishing a nightmare to every woman who sees the play. For he is a Nazi in the making, with the creative process already appallingly advanced at the tender age he has reached. It calls for little imagination to see in young Emil Bruckner a future Fuehrer who is even now in a position to give the present holder of the title some new points on devilishness. But let me tell you the story in a few sentences.

Into the home of an American university professor, Michael Frame, in a mid-Western town, comes his small nephew from Germany. The boy's father, a distinguished scientist, has died after three years in a German concentration camp. His mother died early in his infancy, and he has no family. The Nazis have reared and trained him, and this play shows us what they have made of him—a malignant little demon. In short, the play answers the question thousands of us have asked ourselves and others since the war began: What is happening to the children of Germany?

The answer chills the spine. It must be chilling every spine in the Ethel Barrymore Theatre these nights. For what has happened to little Emil Bruckner is infinitely worse than any physical torture could have been. His soul and his mind have been all but destroyed. He is a monster, setting out at once to destroy the American home in which he has been welcomed, incredibly sly, venomous and treacherous and, in the end, almost murdering the only child who had befriended him.

It is the superb acting in the play which makes all this seem possible—that of the wise and kind professor, beautifully played by Ralph Bellamy, who has been away from us in Hollywood far too long; that of Shirley Booth as the charming teacher the professor, a widower, is soon to marry; that of little Nancy Nugent as the child cousin the small monster from Germany almost murdered; that of the professor's spinster sister, perfectly played by Dorothy Sands; that of Edit Angold as a maid, and of Richard Taber as the janitor who is a Nazi at heart. The cast is small, but everyone in it is perfect and, from the moment of Emil's arrival from Germany, drama chills our blood.

Before that, there is an amusing little love scene between the professor and his fiancée, Shirley Booth, from which we get the only touch of comedy in the play. The rest is the growing horror supplied by a demon child who has to be, and is, chastened. But none of Emil's associates sees a rosy future for him. His softening process has to be quickened for a hopeful ending, and is therefore too abrupt to be convincing, though young Skippy Homeier, who plays the role to perfection, almost makes it seem so. He is further handicapped by the fact that the action of the play takes only ten days. It would take ten years to reform Emil.

The play is produced by Theron Bamberger. The big living-room in which all the action takes place is charmingly designed by Raymond Sovey, and the play is admirably directed by Elliott Nugent. We are told that Mr. Nugent's little daughter, Nancy, the youngster I saw, who alternates with Joyce Van Patten in the role of the professor's small girl, has never been on any stage before, and that this is also true of Skippy Homeier, whose public work has been confined to radio appearances. Both statements seem incredible, for both children act with the poise and assurance of distinguished veterans.

ELIZABETH JORDAN

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## FILMS

**MY FRIEND FLICKA.** An excursion into sentimental drama, packed with eye-filling thrills, seems like a tempting journey to offer any cinema audience these days. That is just what this story of a boy and a horse offers—escape from a war-torn world into one where battles and bombs are unthought of. With no undue philosophizing, this appealing fragment from a lad's youthful days traces the interesting and amazing development of a boy's character. Sensing that responsibility may improve the youngster's spiritual growth, his mother prevails upon the father to give him a colt of his very own. The results are magnificent: a day-dreaming child is transformed as he tames and cares for his beloved filly. The family pattern forms a believable background for the sensitive tale. Roddy McDowall, who has revealed thespian skill in the past, is most convincing as Flicka's friend. Preston Foster and Rita Johnson are capable as the boy's parents. In addition to these striking human performances, the equine members of the cast prove a delight. With settings on a Western ranch, there are many opportunities for shots of magnificent horses. These are particularly exciting in one interlude where the animals stampede, and again when an automobile races an outlaw horse. Photographed in color, the panoramas of mountains with flowing streams, of heavenly skies, of the West in all its radiant splendor, are joys to behold. Harold Schuster has made a simple story of unromantic people take on priceless beauty under his tasteful direction. *My Friend Flicka* must be included on the whole family's movie list. Incidentally, this picture is the first film presentation of a book chosen by the Talbot Club. (Twentieth Century-Fox)

**AERIAL GUNNER.** Action and enlightening pieces of information concerning the technical instruction of Army aerial gunners are the satisfying parts of this war drama. They would have shown to better advantage if they had been mounted in a more convincing story scheme. Through flashbacks, a picture is painted of the rivalry and conflict that dogged the lives of two men from civilian days right up to their training at Harlingen Gunnery School. Even a triangular romantic complication messes things up. It takes graduation from Uncle Sam's rigid training and a sortie against the Japs to put the antagonists on the same side. In a glowing burst of heroism, the feud is ended and a life is sacrificed for a real cause. Chester Morris, Richard Arlen and Lita Ward handle the principal assignments. Because the pre-combat routine is authentic, having been photographed under the supervision of the Army's aerial gunnery training division, this film is certain to satisfy young and older audiences who like their entertainment documented. (Paramount)

**CHATTERBOX.** This is slapstick designed strictly along the Joe E. Brown and Judy Canova line of fun. Unfortunately, it is comedy that manages to be down at the heels too much of the time. Straining for laughs, and incidentally straining the patience of the onlooker at times, the antic team romp all over the place in a satire on radio cowboys. Brown is the would-be hero of the open spaces who finds life difficult when he is signed for a movie cowboy role. Judy rescues him from an embarrassing fall when he first mounts a horse, and so becomes a part of the show from then on. In a preposterous finale the elastic-mouthed comedian gets his chance to be a hero and thrill his fans in a cabin, tottering on the brink of a high mountain. Definitely not among the screen's better products, this comedy is suggested as harmless family diversion. (Republic)

MARY SHERIDAN



# CORRESPONDENCE

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## WASHINGTON BUS LAW

EDITOR: The diocesan papers carried an item of news recently that is hard to believe, viz, that the Washington State Supreme Court held unconstitutional the 1941 statute which permitted private and parochial school children to ride in public school buses.

If this news item had been featured in the daily press, most readers would naturally think it a mistake and so dismiss it. To quote the item:

In January the Court had heard oral argument on briefs supporting the statute filed by Attorney General Smith Troy, Bishop G. Shaughnessy, S.M., . . . and Bishop White (Catholic prelates) and on opposition briefs filed by the Rt. Rev. S. Arthur Huston, Bishop of the Episcopalian Diocese of Olympia, the Washington Council of Churches and others.

I read the item three times, so unbelievable in this day and age were the contents.

We have here also the sad proof that intolerance which can adopt so many chameleon guises is not confined to "Fortress Europe." In all charity, let us attribute it to misdirected zeal and pray for the "patriots." There is, thanks be to God, a United States Supreme Court.  
Bay Pines, Florida K. A. M.

## UNLOCKED PEWS

EDITOR: Mr. Donovan's letter in your April 3 edition about the locked and reserved pews in a Washington church was very much to the point. Our pastor has solved Mr. Donovan's difficulty by *never* locking any pews, and by reserving them for the pew- or seat-holders *only* for Midnight Christmas Mass and Good Friday's Three Hours. More than seventy-five of our pews are rented, but never are they locked on Sunday. Our pastor, or his assistant, stands at the rear every Sunday at almost every Mass, insisting that the people be seated. And the strange thing is that in this church where no pew is ever locked, no seat ever reserved, there are far too many men, and not a few women, who prefer to hear Mass as standees. I have seen some actually turn on their heels and stalk out of church in high dudgeon, because, forsooth, they were asked to be seated.

Human nature is a funny thing. Those who cannot be seated get indignant at it, and rightly so. Those who can be seated, balk at it. I wonder why.  
Virginia P. J. B.

## OPPORTUNITY FOR YOUTH

EDITOR: It was with keen interest that I read the illuminating and informative article, *Women at Work*, by Mary J. McCormick, published in your issue of March 20.

Miss McCormick, in discussing "the interesting and practical developments between centers of industry and centers of learning," enumerates the various colleges and universities offering courses to train women to become skilled workers in the field of production for defense. May I, with all due deference to Miss McCormick, add to the list of institutions aiding in our war effort, the War Manpower Commission-National Youth Administration, War Production Training Program? It not only fits young women and men to be of the greatest possible service to our country in winning the war, but also trains them for postwar work to meet problems which will arise after conquest by the United Nations.

The National Youth Administration became a unit of the War Manpower Commission in September, 1942, and

all the facilities of the NYA are now used to train young women and men for war-production work. As there is a shortage of skilled labor, the NYA has intensified its program in order to meet the demands of war industries for trained and skilled workers. This training is carried on in NYA shops located in various parts of our country.

I trust that our youth will take advantage of this opportunity by enrolling in the Government-sponsored free vocational courses, and contribute to our country's effort to win by "Everybody being in the Right War Job."

FRANCIS X. MANCUSO  
Chairman, Co-ordinating Board,  
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## WRITERS AND THE BIBLE

EDITOR: Mr. William B. Hill's question, *Why So Few Writers?* variously and interestingly answered in your columns, might have a decisive reply, like the question, "Why So Few Students of Biblical Literature?"

To acquire a pure style—clear, precise, forcible and, at need, exquisite—should be the aim of every writer; and to do this, one must study the best models—the masterpieces of the language.

The great Archbishop of Munich, Michael Cardinal Faulhaber, many years ago while he was a simple priest and professor of Biblical Exegesis in the University of Strasburg, was wont to give lectures on the literary value of the Bible in various vernaculars, especially in the English, as he had perfected his English during years of study at Oxford University.

Authorities tell us that the Psalms offer the finest specimens of sublime thought and noble imagery in any language.

Here in America, let us have textbooks on the Psalms used in every school. Then our men in the military service would at least be at home in using the Psalter, the music of which should be intelligible and duly appreciated by Jews, Catholics and Protestants.

If American literature reaches its apex of colorfulness and usefulness, the American people must become saturated with the matchless language of the Bible.

Chicago, Ill. (Mrs.) M. S. MILLER

## HENRY JAMES

EDITOR: Congratulations on John Edward Dineen's *Centenary of Henry James in AMERICA* for April 10. He presents a very sane, scholarly and stimulating estimate of the man "whom everybody praises but nobody reads." He mentions Lamb House, James' old home at Rye, as having been destroyed by a bomb. From 1919, until his death in 1940, this dwelling was leased by the novelist E. F. Benson, who told me, when I visited him in 1930:

After very kindly reading *Dodo* in MS, James wrote me a long, kindly and brilliantly evasive letter characterizing my work as "lively," calling himself "corrosively critical," though he offered no criticism except that he did not find it as "ferociously literary" as his taste demanded. "Hew out a style," he advised, "it is by style we are saved."  
Webster Grove, Mo. CYRIL CLEMENS

(The views expressed under "Correspondence" are the views of writers. Though the Editor publishes them, he may or may not agree with them; just as the readers may or may not agree with the Editor. The Editor believes that letters should be limited to 300 words. He likes short, pithy letters, merely tolerates lengthy ones.)

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## PARADE

(A huckster walks out of an apartment house, gets in a dilapidated wagon, shouts "Giddap" to a bony horse. Bony horse does not move. Huckster starts beating bony horse). . . .

**Pedestrian** (to huckster): Stop beating that poor horse so unmercifully. He's probably too weak to move.

**Huckster**: Mind your own business. It's my horse.

**Pedestrian**: Outrageous. And this is Be-Kind-To-Animals-Week. If you don't stop, I'll call the police.

**Huckster**: This nag is lazy. I gotta keep him movin' to make a livin'. (He continues to beat horse. Horse continues standing still. Pedestrian walks to corner drug store, telephones for police. Police prowl car arrives. Bill and Louie, taxi drivers, run over from their cabs to see what is happening. People issue from stores and apartments, form crowd around them).

**Pedestrian** (to policemen): Arrest this man, officers. I'll prefer charges against him for cruelty to animals. I'm a member of the Be-Kind-To-Animals-Week Committee.

**Officer** (addressing bystanders): Did any of you see this here man acting cruel to this here horse?

**Bill**: I see him.

**Louie**: I see him. (Several other bystanders back up Bill and Louie. Officers take pedestrian and huckster to station house. Members of the crowd commence discussing the incident.)

**1st Bystander**: I'm all in favor of this Be-Kind-To-Animals Week.

**2nd Bystander**: So'm I. But why be kind to some animals and not to others?

**Louie**: What d'ya mean?

**2nd Bystander**: Suppose a man is beating a bedbug. Would that Be-Kind-To-Animals-Week fellow call the police?

**Louie**: No cop'd pinch a guy for that.

**2nd Bystander**: A bedbug's a animal, ain't it? What about bedbugs durin' Be-Kind-To-Animals-Week?

**Bill**: Bedbugs don't do nobody no good.

**2nd Bystander** (ignoring Bill's remark): Why not be kind to mosquitoes durin' Be-Kind-To-Animals-Week? Do cops pinch people for swattin' mosquitoes?

**3rd Bystander**: That's screwy talk.

**2nd Bystander**: Screwy, eh? Then answer me this. That huckster's been swattin' flies and mosquitoes and bedbugs without the law layin' a hand on him, but as soon as he starts swattin' a horse, he goes to the clink. What's the difference? They're all animals, ain't they?

**4th Bystander**: I think you got something there.

**2nd Bystander**: Look, I step on this here waterbug and that's OK with the cops. But suppose I kick the slats outa that there Pekinese (pointing to a Pekinese dog being escorted by a stylishly dressed lady). What'll happen?

**4th Bystander**: You'd go to the cooler.

**2nd Bystander**: You're tootin', I'd go to the cooler. If we're goin' to be kind, I say let's do the thing up brown. Let's be kind and tolerant to mosquitoes and moths and bedbugs and so on.

**Louie**: If a guy is tolerant to bedbugs, he don't get no sleep. He's gotta get sleep, so he can work. A guy's gotta be kind to himself first.

**Bill**: You see, it's like this. This here world ain't the way it was meant to be. That there original sin of Adam changed everything. There's some animals now which is against men's welfare. They wasn't meant to be that way in the beginnin'. We gotta be kind when we can. OK. OK. But you can't be kind to a chargin' tiger. An' you can't be kind to a chargin' bedbug.

**4th Bystander**: There goes the alert. (Signal for surprise air-raid drill sounds. Crowd disperses.)

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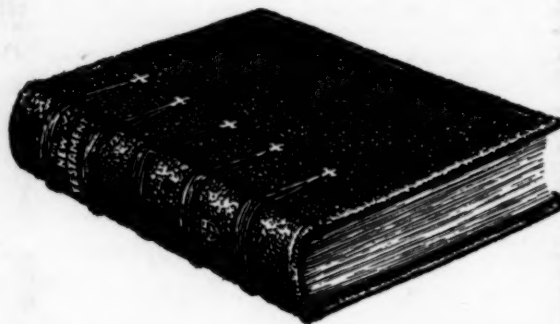
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